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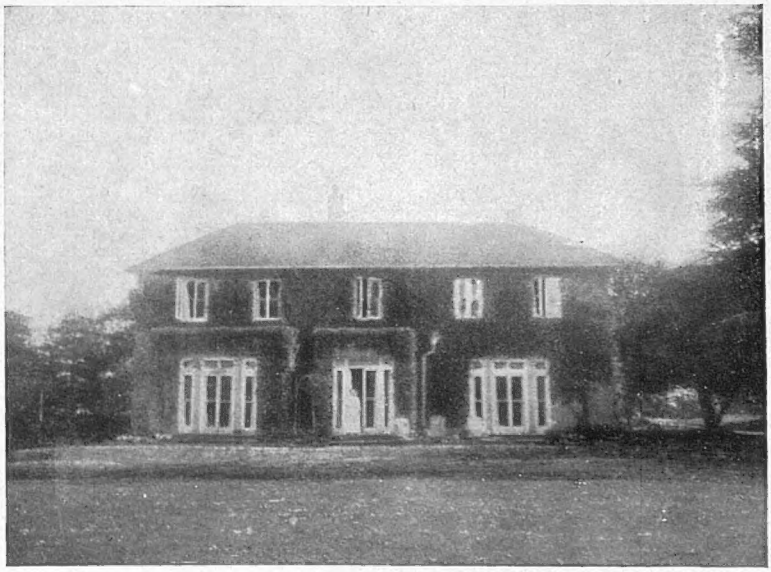

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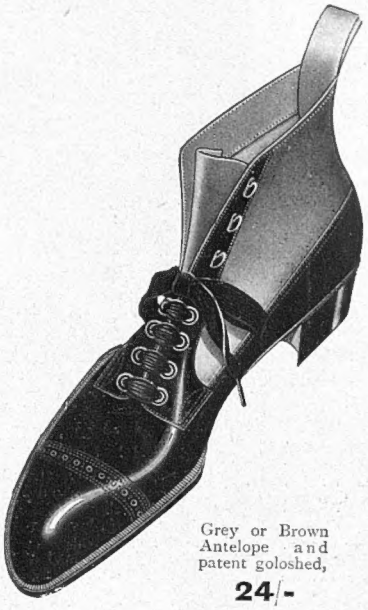

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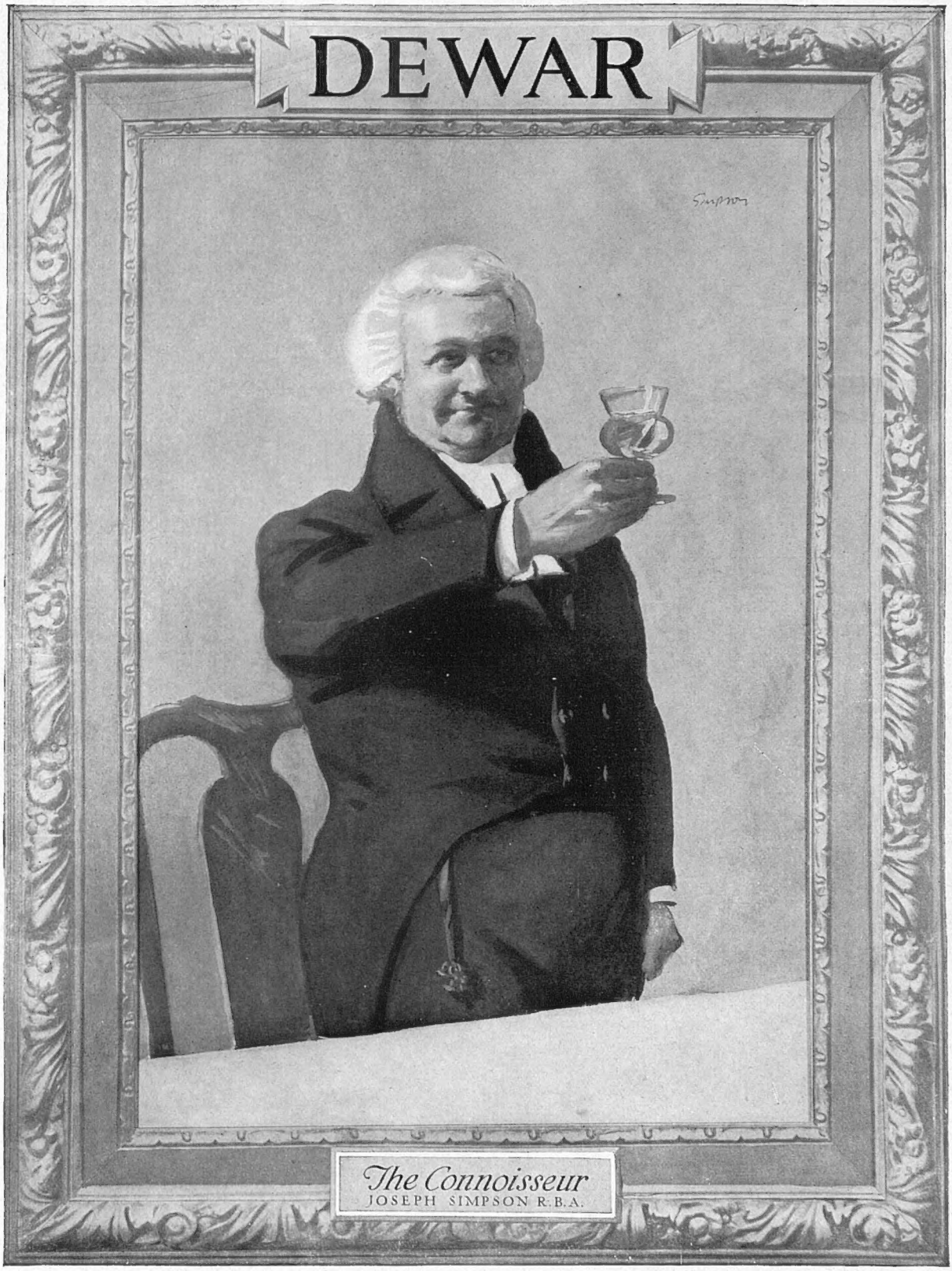

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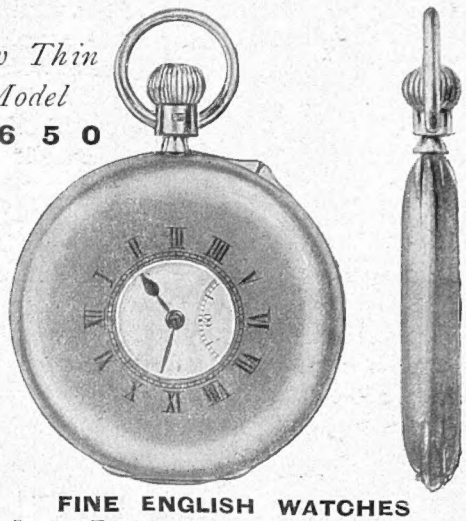

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Photograph MISS MARJORIE BAGOT *Rita Martin*

Daughter of the Hon. Walter and Mrs. Bagot, and niece of Lord Bagot, who is to be presented at one of the early Courts

Bystander Comments

ON VARIOUS TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Mr. Churchill Not a Coward

Everything must have an end, and there are signs of the abatement of even Mr. Churchill's unpopularity. One or two little things have happened during the last week that incline the man in the street to wonder whether the sheep (I apologise for any allusion to sheep) is as black as he is painted. One of these was the dignified way Mr. Churchill dealt with the gentleman who, in an election speech, called him a coward. The Home Secretary did not even, when the case came into Court, press for damages. He merely wanted it stated publicly that he was *not* a coward.

Proofs of His Courage in Action

Personally, I have never been able to understand the charge of cowardice against Mr. Churchill. If I have ever acknowledged him to possess one quality above another, it is courage. It was our pleasant duty, in an article we published on him last November, to give the story of his daring ride from Atbara to the Battle of Omdurman, in which, being about to put up for Parliament, he was very anxious to be reported as having figured. Nothing could have been bolder than this ride, and the war correspondents thought that the soldier-politician's action in coming to them after the battle to ask them to insert his (Winston's) account of his own achievements in the charge was an even more colossal piece of—er—courage. Later, in the Boer War, what could have been more intrepid than Mr. Churchill's story of the "supernatural guidance" by which he escaped from Pretoria? Mr. Churchill's whole career has been courageous, yea, even up to Sidney Street. Few men in his position would have exposed themselves to what Mr. Churchill got as a consequence of his famous visit to the seat of war, and few would have survived it. Then, Mr. Churchill's little "free pardons" after his yachting tour last summer. The superb courage of these was nowhere more appreciated than at Court. Had the slanderer, too, forgotten some of the hats Mr. Churchill has had the bravery to wear?

Mr. Churchill and the Road Foreman

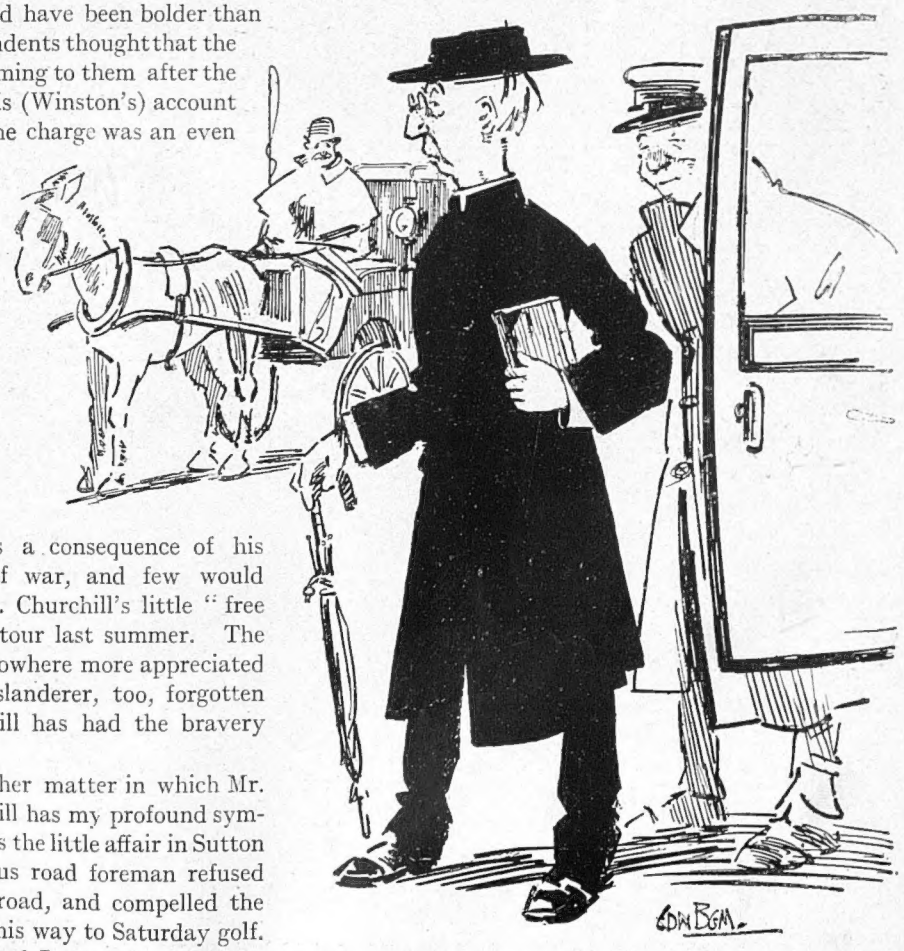
The other matter in which Mr. Churchill has my profound sympathy is the little affair in Sutton High Street, when an officious road foreman refused to remove a bar across the road, and compelled the Home Secretary to go out of his way to Saturday golf. I know that road foreman, and I am only sorry Mr. Churchill did not use the full power of his great office and treat him as he proposes to treat the Peers—clear the (I forget what he called them) out of the way. He should have proceeded on the lines of the Veto Bill, and on the foreman's third rejection of his demand to pass, should have removed the bar and driven (metaphorically, of course) over his head right to the steps of the golf house.

Away With Him!

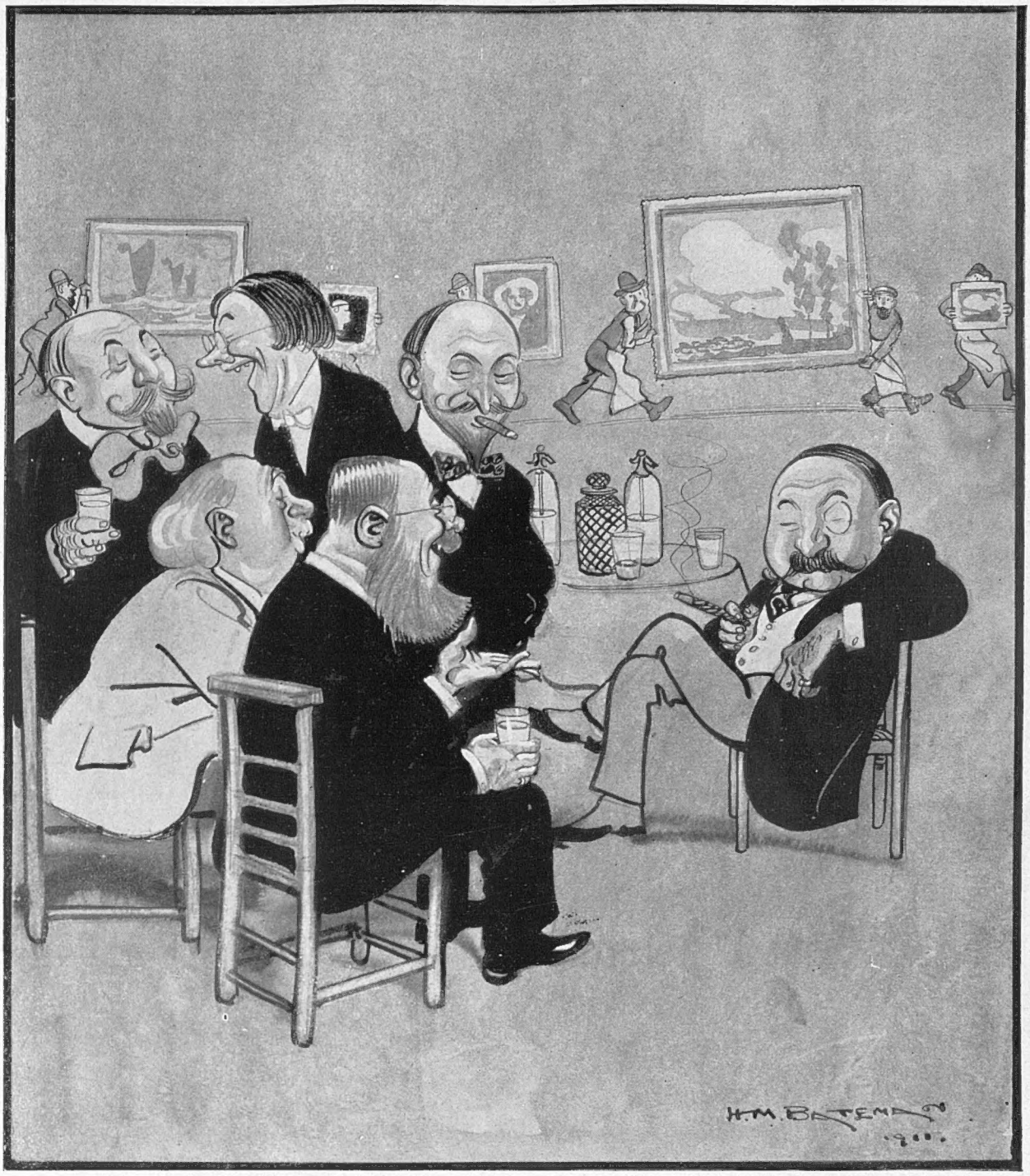
I know the usual man-in-the-street contention that, in such matters as this, a great man should be treated the same way as a small, but with this I wholly disagree. What is one great for, what is the good of being great, if one can't use one's greatness to escape from the petty restrictions of officialism? Having given Mr. Churchill the above testimonial to his courage, I hereby implore him, in the interests of great men who will come after him, to clear away that Road Foreman.

A Conspiracy Unmasked

By the way, a word in Mr. Churchill's ear while there is yet time. He remembers that answer he gave to the question of what compensation the police would pay to the gentleman who was



Cabby (*to Clergyman who seems in doubt whether to take a taxi or a four-wheeler*): "This wa', sir. *Gawd* made 'orses"



THE HANGING COMMITTEE: A PRE-ACADEMY PICTURE BY H. M. BATEMAN

wrongfully arrested in the Strand. "The liability to arrest, through mistaken identity, is one to which we are all subject." I understand that a crime is in contemplation in which the "wanted" man will be described to the papers as "about 5ft. 8in. tall; indifferent build; walks a little with a bend forward; thinning reddish-brown hair; pale appearance; talks through his nose, and cannot pronounce the letter 'S.'" The search for this man will, naturally, be indefatigable, and I hope, if anything untoward should happen to *him*, Mr. Churchill will not mind if he is reminded of the above reply by one or two young Conservative Members. I don't know who is "arranging" the crime, but one or two of the Members mentioned have been lunching quietly together in Soho lately. . . .

Too Late, Alas, Too Late!

I see, by the way, that the young Conservatives are all very busy just now studying "Social Reform" at continuation classes conducted by Mr. F. E. Smith. I wish very well to the movement, though it is a little overdue, perhaps. My only fear is that when the time comes again to try the Tory hand at the election game, Social Reform will sound like a song that mother used to sing. The proletariat, properly housed, pensioned, insured, registered, and generally tinkered about with, will be in the mood for being left alone, and will want politicians to try something else—say a war. Mr. Smith's Committee might do better work inspecting the conditions of the military forces which some poor devil would then be called upon to handle.

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Social Comings and Goings

BY OUR SOCIETY CORRESPONDENTS

Windsor Castle

It is a very different place—the Windsor Castle of to-day, where the King spent Easter—from that which Queen Victoria inhabited. For more than half a century her late Majesty, entirely satisfied with the arrangements of George IV. (who dragged out there, in strictest seclusion, the last two years of his life), left the place, both inside and out, quite untouched. And this neglect at last became painfully noticeable, even in the State apartments, where the inevitable red wall-papers began to hang almost in rags, the furniture brocades to split.

Yesterday—

There were, of course, no bathrooms at Windsor when King Edward came to the Throne, and most of the furniture and decorations were in the execrable taste of the early nineteenth century, and mouldy at that! The vast kitchens, deep down in the basement, had no lift connection with the dining-rooms, some five minutes' walk away, and lumber-room after lumber-room was filled with priceless *bric-à-brac*, curios, china, books, and even furniture, all stored there to be out of the way of the workpeople who filled the Castle throughout the reigns of George III., George IV., and William. Whether they had been forgotten, or, as "best things," hidden, in Victorian fashion, from the common light of day, is not disclosed.

—And To-day

To-day telephones connect all parts of the Castle, there are numerous service lifts, the apartments, both public and private, have been thoroughly overhauled, and there are, of course, bathrooms, some of them hewn out of the great stone walls. The drains are as perfect as can be expected in a building dating back to the Norman Conquest or thereabouts, and everywhere are art treasures, some of which, up to ten years ago, had lain hidden for centuries.

Newmarket

It is not expected that the King will attend the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket next week, and it is improbable that he will be present at the Second either, as it takes place on the days of the two first Courts—May 9 and 10. The First July Meeting clashes with the concluding Coronation festivities and the visit to Norwich for the Agricultural Show, and during the Second July Meeting the Royal visits to Ireland and Wales will be in progress.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

Lady Edith Villiers

Only daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, whose engagement is announced to Viscount Valletort, son and heir of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe

TO-MORROW'S CHIEF WEDDING

Photographs *T. Chidley*

Mr. Percy Harrison — to marry — Lady Lettice Cholmondeley

Bailiff to Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton — Daughter of the Marquis Cholmondeley

The Week

Racing, weddings galore, and a positive procession of theatrical *premières* are the social preoccupations of this the first week of the season. There is racing at Epsom, at Sandown, and at Punchestown; there are new plays at His Majesty's, the Court, Globe, Garrick, Prince of Wales', Comedy, and New Whitney Theatres; and an avalanche of weddings, chief among which are those of Lord Linlithgow and Miss Milner, and Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, whose brother recently married Mrs. Stirling, and Mr. Harrison, bailiff to Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton.

Next Week's Weddings

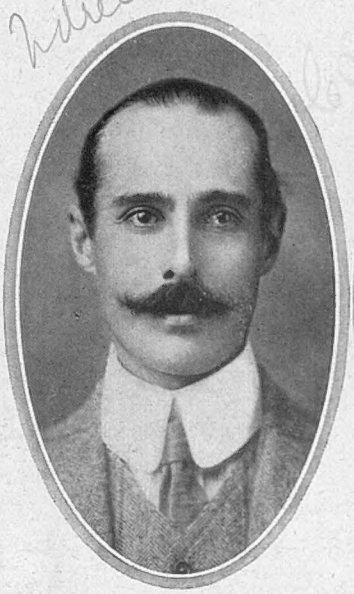
Lord St. John of Bletsoe, Lord Chelsea, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord O'Hagan are among the most important of next week's Society bridegrooms; and other sons and brothers of peers to enter for the matrimonial stakes, all within a few days of each other, are Captain Algy Strutt, Lord Belper's son and heir; Colonel Milo Talbot, brother of Lord Talbot de Malahide; Mr. Jasper Ridley, brother of Lord Ridley; Mr. Sackville Tufton, son of Lord Hothfield; Mr. Francis Needham, son of Lord Kilmorey; and Lord Arthur Hay.

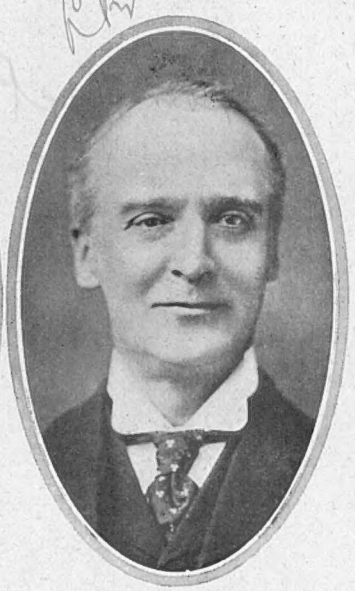
At Racing Headquarters

The First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, like the Craven in the same place, is, as a rule, attended almost solely by the smart "inner" racing set, such "outsiders" as may, even though "outside," put in quite a good time at, for instance, Epsom this week, seldom making even an attempt to pierce the much-vaunted exclusiveness of Newmarket.

The Visitors

Culford Hall, where Lord Cadogan and his Italian bride are expected to entertain a party, will be opened for next week's racing, while among those who seldom miss a Newmarket meeting are Lord Durham and the usual bevy of Lambtons, Lord and Lady Wolverton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, Sir William Bass, Lord Harewood, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord and Lady Villiers (whose portrait by William Llewellyn is to be hung at Burlington House), Lord Dalmeny, Sir Berkeley Sheffield, the Duchess of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Derby, Lord Rosebery and his daughters, Lord and Lady Sefton, Lady de Trafford, Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, and Lord Charles Montagu.





The Exeter Political Shuffle: Mr. Duke, M.P. (on the right side, of course), and Mr. St. Maur (ex-M.P.)

Regardless of the sportsmanlike tradition of not hitting a man who cannot hit back, Mr. St. Maur somewhat surprised Exeter and the county by making an attack on the Judges who tried the petition

The "City and Suburban"

Attendance at Epsom, on the other hand, is almost invariably enormous, there being nothing tiresomely exclusive about the famous "City and Suburban." It is, in fact, the small racing man's opportunity. Owing to the somewhat limited accommodation provided, the meeting is never overwhelmingly popular with the smart racing ladies, who seem to prefer to stay away unless they can get the Jockey Club to shelter them, or an invitation to the private stand whereon the Australian Mrs. D'Arcy entertains whenever there is racing at Epsom.

Punchestown

Prayers for fine weather should be included in all Irish racegoers' pious petitions this week in order that Punchestown, next, may be spared the miserable fate—a deluge—that overtook it last year. Whether or not the Viceroy and his lady will attend the meeting is not yet announced, but it is more than probable that they will not, Dublin Court mourning having surpassed in strictness that of the English Court, which remains in mourning for yet another fortnight.

Irish Society

With or without Castle patronage, Punchestown, however, is always well attended. Lord and Lady Iveagh always entertain a big party, and generally give a dance at their house on St. Stephen's Green, and well-known people who make an especial point of being present include Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Waterford, Lord and Lady Fingall, the Duchess of Abercorn, Lord Mayo (who escorts their Excellencies, when present, to the Enclosure), Lord and Lady Headfort, Lord and Lady Clonmell, Lord Enniskillen, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord and Lady Carrick, Lord and Lady Bandon, Lord and Lady Pirrie, Lord and Lady Wicklow, Lady Massereene, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, and last, but not least, Major Frank Lambart.

The Exeter See-saw

Mr. Richard Harold St. Maur, who has so sensationally lost his seat at Exeter by a single vote after a scrutiny, is, or rather was, one of the best-looking men in the House. Only forty-two years of age, he is a very keen West Country sportsman, and Masters the South Devon Foxhounds. In early days, before he became a county magnate and politician (with views on social reform), he was a soldier, in the 14th Hussars, and fought with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa. His wife is a daughter of the late Captain W. H. F. Palmer, of the same regiment.

The Hon. Francis Needham, Younger Son of Lord and Lady Kilmorey, and his Fiancée, Miss Frances Combe, whose Marriage will take place shortly

Embarras de Dukes

Mr. St. Maur is a member of the family of the Duke of Somerset, the history of whose family he has written, and he inherited from the late Duke—who died without issue—his seat at Stover, near Newton Abbot. St. Maur, of course, is pronounced Seymour, and is the Somerset family name, which was restored to its ancient and original spelling by the late Duke. Proud as he is of his descent, Mr. St. Maur has been heard to say in the past few days that he wanted no more to do with Dukes.

A Typical Hapsburg

THE FUTURE SOVEREIGN OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE

Camera Picture *E. O. Hoppé, F.R.P.S.*

THE ARCHDUKE KARL FRANZ JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA

He is at present but one step removed from the Austrian throne, his uncle, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, being the present heir. He is only twenty-three years of age, and is a Captain in the 7th Regiment of Dragoons

LIGHTNING LEGISLATION

DISASTROUS RESULT OF "THE BYSTANDER" PARLIAMENTARY COMPETITION

MR. BIRRELL begged for the indulgence of the House for a personal explanation. He had not intended to intervene in any debate during the sitting, but he had only spoken forty-five times this Session, and his forecast in THE BYSTANDER Competition was fifty speeches. The Session was nearing its close, and he had to work off the deficit so as to win the motor-car. Having now accomplished his object he would sit down. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY maintained that he had never listened to a more satisfactory and less injurious speech from the right hon. gentleman. (Hear!) Speaking as an advocate of the Business Government, he deplored the waste of valuable time in rushing through lobbies purely to run up scores in newspaper competitions. The BYSTANDER speed contest had resulted in several of the older Members being knocked down and trampled. A resolution abolishing the Army and Navy had in consequence been passed on a snap division in thirty seconds—the amateur record. The House was becoming a sort of skating rink. It was now divided into Progressives and Reactionaries—those who had not reached their points in the averages and those who had; the latter were naturally opposed to motions of any kind. He proposed a system of Devolution to Committees upstairs of the real business of the Empire, while the prize competitions were being fought out in the House.

An Irish Member agreed *in toto* with the hon. athlete—Member, he should say. The BYSTANDER Prize (Voice Trial Contest)—for the loudest noise made during the Session—had only led them into obstruction. These forecasts should only be allowed *afterwards*. (Laughter.) As for himself, he was perfectly speechless—(renewed laughter)—with shouting in this contest. He had known of nothing more disgraceful than this competition since the publication of the Encyclopædia Britannica. (Laughter.) He despised the BYSTANDER, he despised everything in this disreputable country. He moved the abolition of the House of Commons. (Irish cheers.)

LORD HUGH CECIL raised an earnest note of protest against these contests as of a gambling nature. The BYSTANDER had offered a Blériot monoplane to the reader accurately guessing the number of Radicals to be raised to the House of Lords. It used to be guessing tram-tickets, now it was Peers. The whole British Constitution—such as it was (laughter)—was to be thrown into the melting-pot (he believed this was the correct term) for the sake of a monoplane. Was not this, besides, a direct inducement to the Cabinet to elevate utterly unsuitable men so as to win aeroplanes themselves? (Shame!) He need not dwell on the demoralising effect of all this upon the nation.

MR. GINNELL wished to know whether Mr. Speaker was in the pay of the BYSTANDER? (Uproar.) Well, if not, why was it that he (the Member for Westmeath North) had uniformly failed to catch the Speaker's eye, while Members such as the Home Secretary and Mr. F. E. Smith were allowed to run up huge breaks of speeches and divisions. He had a suspicion that this muzzling of the private Member was done for commercial reasons. Why could not some enterprising newspaper start a Chicane Competition—the prize being given to the Member who never spoke at all? He demanded "guarantees" of some sort on this point from the Premier.

The hon. Member having been taken outside and executed by the Sergeant-at-Arms,

MR. SHACKLETON, as a Labour representative, expressed his abhorrence of the professional politician and of all jobbery and bribery, such as these Prize Competitions were in danger of introducing. They had achieved a Two-Power-standard in divisions and in speech-making. Competitions were of the nature of warfare; could not the prizes be awarded by Arbitration? (Labour cheers.) In his opinion the House was BYSTANDER-ridden. They would soon have a *Punch* Hundred-Best-Jokes Contest and a *Daily Mail* Reliability Trial—with a prize bedroom suite awarded for general truthfulness. (Laughter.)

Time being nearly exhausted, the second readings of a Home Rule Bill, an Army and Navy Abolition Bill, an Arbitration Bill, and a Tariff Reform Bill were hurried through by forced marches (speeches being limited to ten seconds), and

The PREMIER having reached his points,

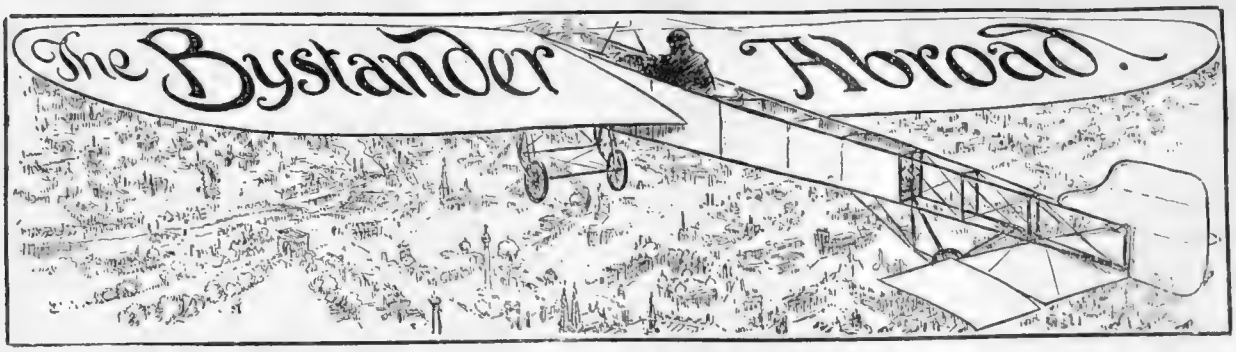
The first round was concluded. HILL ROWAN

"The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me."—THE PHILANDERER

Passers-by: More London Types

No. III.—"THE PROS" (MAIDEN LANE)

BY NORMAN MORROW



THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

From Our Special Correspondent

The Art of Talking

The craze for lectures in Paris has not diminished. The French *conférencier*, however, is a very different being from our ordinary lecturer; for one thing, he does not read his lecture, but talks in a familiar way from the chair in which he sits. When the spirit moves him he sometimes rises and walks up and down the platform as if he were dictating letters to a clerk. It is contrary to the idea of a *conférence* to abandon oneself to flights of oratory. The French have a remarkable gift, which the École Normale in particular develops in the future professors who get their training at that great school. The École Normale, however, turns out many *conférenciers* who are unattached to either school or university, and these men are mostly the *conférenciers en vue*. The art of talking deftly in familiar but not undignified language with carefully studied gesticulation is as much a French quality as the art of acting. Some women are among the finest *conférenciers* in France. One of these is the well-known writer, Mme. Severine, who can hold her audience without any effort, at least, any apparent one. Her little trick of holding her pocket-handkerchief is as studied as her voice, and as natural. To read a lecture appears to the French audience as an insult to their intelligence. They would ask why it should not simply be printed and handed round to them. The very essence of a lecture to the French mind is that it should combine so many elements of skill, promptitude of thought, the cadence of the language, the aptness of the gesture; in fact, a lecturer is an actor, and nothing is more delightful or less tedious than to hear a brilliant French man or woman talk familiarly on a subject he or she knows.

M. Paul Bourget, the Famous Playwright, whose Anti-Socialist Drama is the Rage of Paris

From time to time, the Vaudeville Theatre has the good fortune to secure a piece from the pen of M. Paul Bourget, the eminent French Academician. Their production is always regarded as a Parisian event, and the brilliant audience at the *première* of *Le Tribun* was proof, if any were needed, that the attraction is as irresistible as ever. M. Bourget treats his subject with scholarly measure, and his philosophical lessons penetrate far beneath the surface

Lady Lecturers

Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, the famous authoress of "La Maison du Péché," is no exception to the rule. It will be remembered that it was this extremely gifted writer who has just been lecturing on "Women," and caused a sensation a short time ago by practically refusing to receive the Ribbon of Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur. She scoffed at the idea, and the Government decided not to give it to her. Whatever a woman of such genius and power of observation says about her sex will always be well worth listening to. Marcelle Tinayre is not the only distinguished Frenchwoman who has taken to lecturing. The Duchesse d'Uzès has recently made her bow to the public as a lecturer. The subject she has chosen for the present is a defence of the noble pastime of hunting. Some time ago she was bitterly attacked by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and asked to resign her position of vice-president of that Society on the ground that she hunted. Since then she has also written a play in defence of this pastime.

Paris Declines the Harem

The "harem" skirt has been a hopeless failure here. After several unsuccessful attempts to "launch" it, it has been abandoned altogether, and at the Longchamps races not one was to be seen. I really do believe that there is not one woman who has not heaved a sigh of relief at the "degradation" of this hideous costume. And not one man was in favour of it either—except its inventor, M. Poiret. Unfortunately, of late years fashions for women have been so *outrées* that when one takes the trouble to attend a race meeting to see the fashions one instinctively expects to see exaggerated costumes. This year at Longchamps there was nothing either remarkable or—shall we own it?—indecent, and possibly this is the explanation why the dresses were considered failures. "Nothing extraordinary. Skirts getting wider and hats smaller," is the general comment, and "nothing new."

Fair Regents of Democracy

THE MARKET QUEENS OF NICE ENTERTAIN THEIR MAJESTIES OF PARIS

The Queen of Queens of Nice with her Attendants

The Queen of the Nice Washerwomen

The Queen of Queens of Paris with her Attendants

The Market Queens of Paris last Sunday week paid a visit to the Market Queens of Nice, and were right royally received, as befitted their rank. Our photographs were taken in the course of the procession through the Rivieran resort. It is strangely true that among the most democratic of countries the influence of monarchism is as potent as ever. "If I were King"—or Queen—is still a highly popular aspiration

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

FOODSTUFFS AS A SPECTACLE!

IS there, asks the Berlin Bystander, any non-German metropolis where crowds of keen-eyed citizens gather outside food-shops and ignore all rival attractions? That happens in Berlin. The discovery was made owing to the Berlin Bystander's business taking him often to Leipzigerstrasse, Berlin's chief shopping street. Outside a shop near the Potsdamderplatz end of this street he noticed a considerable crowd, with a policeman keeping order. All he could see was the signboard, "Wilhelm Lindstedt." The crowd was too thick. But of the nature of the wares of Wilhelm Lindstedt he had no idea.

The Queen of Spain Out Riding at Seville

This charming snapshot shows Her Majesty at her best, her comparative slimness recalling the days of the Princess "Ena" we wot of

It must, he reasoned logically, be something extraordinary. Leipzigerstrasse is full of interesting shops, which no one notices. Close by is Wertheim's, with ten young ladies in *jupes-culottes;* opposite is the Kaiser's porcelain store; and further on is a shop with a young woman undressing in order to advertise a black and gold corset. All these attractions are ignored. Alone the wares of Wilhelm Lindstedt attracted the eager eyes of Berlin. But what were the attractions?

The Berlin Bystander and his wife spent whole evenings in guessing, and argued fiercely. The Berlin Bystander opined it was a radium-mill grinding coffee. His more imaginative wife guessed it was an American surgeon transplanting hearts. The argument at last grew so heated that we decided to go to Leipzigerstrasse early, before the crowd collects. We rose at seven, and arrived at eight. There were only eleven persons outside Wilhelm Lindstedt's. Panting for the apocalyptic revelation, we edged our way through the assembly, trod rudely on a uniformed officer's toe, pressed our noses to the window, and saw the mystery unveiled.

It was an ordinary shop-window piled up with sausages, various delikatessen, lobsters, asparagus, and Limburg cheese. These comestibles were not decorated, but stood in simple nakedness, without any meretricious device to boom their virtues. That was the cause of the crowd which, for five solid years, has collected diurnally without break outside Herr Lindstedt's shop. The Berlin Bystander could not help overhearing the conversation. Two smart gentlemen in silk hats, turned-up trousers, and pink ties—evidently keen Anglomaniacs—stood before a basket, and discussed artichokes. They had the grave faces and dignified gestures of a Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg combating international disarmament. And around them nine other persons hopped, wedged, and peeped, with an uninterrupted buzzing converse about why lobsters are black, do sardines come from Sardinia, the saltness of genuine Dutch herrings, and the proper colour of Limburg cheese.

On the way home, somewhat displeased at not having seen an American transplanting hearts, we passed a bathing institution in Tauentzienstrasse. Here also there was a crowd, which made way politely as, greedy for fresh sensations, we jostled impatiently through. The crowd was admiring a picture-poster, showing the interior of the baths. Twenty stout Germans wholly unadorned were depicted lying on couches around an imposing hall. In the middle rose an enormous table, completely covered by a vast glass bell. And under the bell, within vision of all the reclining bathers, was a pile of Vienna sausages five feet high. The crowd was watching the sausages.

The Dutch Queen and Her Consort

Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry of the Netherlands leaving a museum at the Hague. Princess Juliana is now celebrating the second anniversary of her never-to-be-forgotten birth

Come and wash because you can eat sausages while drying is a good inducement. And the Tauentzienstrasse Bathing Institution seemed full. May THE BYSTANDER'S readers find a pile of Easter Eggs in their Turkish baths.

Fiddle and I

A FAMOUS COMPOSER WHO IS ALSO AN EXECUTANT

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

This lifelike picture of Herr Franz Lehar—composer of "The Merry Widow"—shows the maestro with his favourite instrument, the violin, not exactly "waiting to go on," but ready to add another note to the gaiety of nations. A new comic opera of his is shortly to be presented in London. It is called "The Count of Luxemburg," and will be produced under the management of Mr. George Edwardes

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

Of course, this April weather may cease before the Coronation, and one rather hopes it will. Still, it would be interesting if the Royal carriage had to go on runners instead of wheels—over the snow.

* * *

The women of St. Vincent are sending the Queen a parasol as a Coronation gift. Their idea seems to be that the sun is sometimes so warm in England that one actually needs to be protected from it. Naturally the Queen will be too gracious to disillusion them.

* * *

Army horses purchased since April 1 are, by an order of the War Office, to be tattooed on their gums instead of branded on their hoofs. An American lady, writing to praise the humanity of this innovation, states that, absurdly enough, she never realised that Army horses wore "gums."

* * *

The net cost of the official "History of the Boer War," which is now finished, is £34,706. It seems a biggish sum, but if a consideration of the proportionate price they will have to pay for an account of a war with Great Britain will deter the Germans from beginning one, the money will not be altogether wasted.

* * *

At the same time, the price has made professional writers a little jealous. The sword seems to be a lot mightier than the pen, when it condescends to use the pen.

* * *

Mr. Frederic Harrison has made an interesting suggestion for an additional hall to the National Gallery, in which loan pictures might be exhibited. If every picture lent were to be priced, like "The Mill," at £100,000, the proposed hall would in a little time become quite a Mecca for art-lovers.

* * *

Ahmed Mirza, the boy Shah of Persia, is said to be very fond of football. It is interesting to hear of our Western games being introduced thus into the Orient, and I sincerely trust it is not true that any of the young companions of the Shah who collar him while he is making a try are forthwith given their choice between the bow-string and the sack.

THE ANTI-CELT

"Real Scotch mist. I hope you don't mind it?"
"So long as it isn't Welsh, I don't care"

By Starr Johns

The Shah is said to strive very hard not to let any of his school-fellows get ahead of him in his studies. Poisoning the other boys' sherbet used to be a way of preventing this, but, of course, the Shah would disdain this antiquated method of heading his form.

* * *

Readers of Miss Marie Corelli's works have been rendered somewhat uneasy by the statement, made in a White Paper, that her books are very popular with convicts.

* * *

"Better instructed convicts ask for philosophical works. A Departmental Committee has consequently suggested that for such prisoners high-class reviews should be supplied." I suppose it would be a humanitarian thing to do. It would be too pitiful to think of clever men like those being sent back to gaol, perhaps, because they could not resist stealing a high-class review, though I never remember to have seen a case of this sort.

* * *

There can be little doubt that the War Office will be well-advised to take Mr. Grahame White's advice and go in for aeroplanes rather than for dirigibles. Ever since Lord Haldane became War Lord, Englishmen have felt that our military greatness depended on a "heavier-than-air" type.

* * *

"Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., has presented Bills to enable women to enter for appointments in the Civil Service other than those in the Post Office." One had hardly realised that they were not eligible, for one has so often heard Civil Servants alluded to as a "set of old women."

* * *

Women certainly ought to be eligible for other branches. I often think myself I should like them anywhere but in the Post Office. I like my stamps quickly, and prefer speed in a post office to conversation or argument. But I may be an exception.

"And the Last State of That Man——"

NEW STUDIES IN EVOLUTION. By G. E. STUDDY

No. II.—THE LAST STATE OF THE INEBRIATE

ICELAND "GO BRAGH!"

Iceland, which is agitating for "Home Rule," is one of Denmark's chief colonial possessions, and the Danes resent the efforts of the islanders towards "complete autonomy"

Queen of the Snowlands
The Icelandic national dress shown to advantage

Speed-Limit for Motorists Unnecessary
View of the rock-bound coast of Iceland near Almanagga-Thingvellir

"ICELAND, an island in the North Atlantic Ocean, immediately south of the polar circle which just touches its northernmost point."

Thus the "Concise Gazetteer of the World."

THE BYSTANDER, keeping a vigilant eye on the doings of persons in places beyond seas, notes with interest that politics are surprising—to paraphrase Count Smorltork—the inhabitants of that lonely isle set in a silver sea and that agitation is afoot for "Complete Autonomy," or, in other words, Home Rule.

Well! Why not?

The arguments in favour of political independence for Iceland are, at least, as forcible as those put forward by Mr. Redmond and his subservients on our own British Treasury Bench. Iceland is a Danish colonial possession, certainly, but the island is well out of gunshot of the forts of Copenhagen, and there is at present no suggestion that its selected representatives should be accommodated with seats in the Danish Rigsdag at a salary of five thousand pounds per annum. Preference, Reciprocity, Tariff Reform, the Referendum, and other terminological inexactitudes, are, so far, not among the planks of the young Icelandic party's platform; but now that cable communication has been established with the island, there is no saying what may happen.

Fishing and farming being the principal industries of the country, the population is naturally sparse and scattered. Apart from the capital, the most northerly town, Akuyreri, and a dozen little hamlets round the coast, the people live in farms and homesteads isolated and, for the most part, many miles distant one from the other. Nevertheless, the sturdy spirit of patriotic enthusiasm has been fanned into fever-heat of late, and the advent of a British syndicate of financiers who have acquired a large tract of ground at Thorlakshavn, where a good harbour can be made, has given the Icelandic

"Where Viking's Sons Their Strength Engage"
In the market-place at Reykjavik a team of Icelanders successfully engaged a few man-o'-warsmen from one of the "adjacent islands"

Independents additional stimulus. Danish Conservative politicians view with disfavour the efforts of their most important colonial possession towards autonomy, and point out that Iceland already enjoys a large measure of Home Rule. Denmark contributes an annual subvention to the island's exchequer, and it is felt that those who pay the piper should have some voice in calling

Between the Third and Fourth Greens?
Golf is at present unknown in Iceland, but this bridge over the River Skalfandafgotz may be of use to enthusiasts in the near future

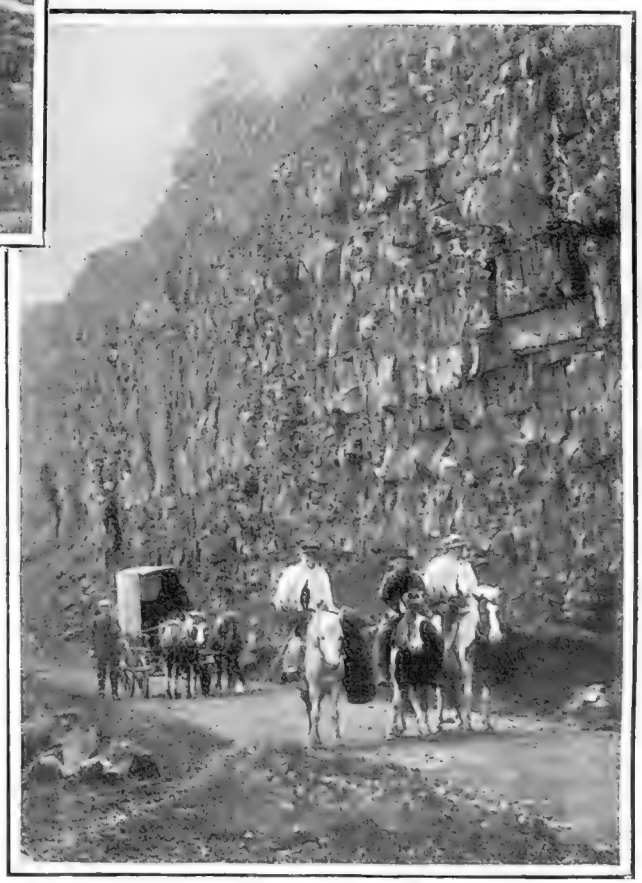
Any Luck? Well! Look at Us
Visitors to Iceland find salmon fishing, which is one of the principal occupations of the natives, quite a pleasant pastime

the island, nor indeed do the requirements of the people call for so hustling and modern an innovation. Life is simple, patriarchal almost, in its primitive purity, and the natives, though keenly interested in their own political and social affairs, care little for the doings of the great world beyond the waves which wash their ironbound shores.

It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the inhabitants of Iceland, knowing little and caring less about European political strife, take far more interest in home-grown politics than does the average inhabitant of the British Isles.

the tune. The fact that the Liberal Party in the Danish Rigsdag is at present in power increases the hopes of the Icelandic Nationalists, just as our own dear distressful countrymen regard with favour the existing state of parties in the British House of Commons. What the extremists in Iceland aim at is a Republic guaranteed by the Powers. What will ultimately be achieved is another matter, but the probability appears to be the granting of control over her own affairs to Iceland under the sovereignty of the King of Denmark.

Politics apart, there is some reason for the growing popularity of the lonely island as a tourist resort. The climate in summer is equable, and there is good sport to be had all round the coast. Excursions to Mount Hecla, some seventy miles from Reykjavik, are made by mountain pony or in the quaint post-chaises which still remain the principal vehicles of communication, as well as the mail conveyances. There are no railways in



As in the Brave Days of Old
The post-chaise here shown is still on the road to Almannagga-Thingvellir —not Gretna Green

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE LONDON COLISEUM

ONE of the chief features—if not, indeed, the leading article itself—of the London Coliseum programme on the evening of my visit was *Joan of Arc*, presented by Miss Ellaline Terriss and her company. The feature is (if Mr. Pélissier will forgive my piracy) a sort of "potted" biography of the young lady in question. The story is sometimes unfolded in the ordinary way with nice mediæval dialogue to fit, and sometimes it is told in mute tableau form, which is quite adequate for its purpose. As far as the speeches are concerned the only point I have against them is their length, which is a little disproportionate to their merit, and which tends occasionally to retard the action of what must necessarily be a brisk business, considering that there are eight tableaux to be got through in something under half an hour. I have no doubt that when Joan, addressing a wounded soldier, asks him "Where was't thou got'st thy hurt?" she is drawing from the justly celebrated well of pure English undefiled, and all that sort of thing, but the stately old vocabulary of more leisured days hardly seems to fit in with the lightning methods of Mr. Seymour Hicks, the producer of the feature. Apart from the rather stilted dialogue, however, *Joan of Arc* is a really ingenious and creditable production, and the accuracy of the mounting is certified to by no less an authority than Mr. Guy Laking.

Sketched by Norman Morrow at the Coliseum

The story opens in Joan's native village, where she begins to hear voices, and to see visions of some of the more bellicose saints. Mr. Hicks's familiarity with stage mechanism enables him to present this scene most effectively without the least exaggeration. It is all quite nicely and convincingly done. A sharp contrast is shown in the following tableau, where we are taken to the French Court, where Joan is introduced as the champion of France against all comers. Miss Ellaline Terriss makes the most of her opportunities here. She is less of the quiet peasant girl and more of the swashbuckler, and she gives the scene just the treatment it requires. Joan having been presented with a sword that apparently has been specially endowed by saintly people with more than usually murderous properties, flourishes it aloft with a fine call for followers, and the call is answered instantly and noisily by the assembled body of knights and squires. A forest of swords and spears surrounds the lovely young heroine in a flash, and the curtain falls on a storm of cheers on both sides of the curtain. This scene always evokes a great deal of applause on the stage, and Mr. Hicks's version of it is as good as anyone could desire.

A story of this kind, unfolded in a series of compressed instalments, presupposes a certain amount of historical knowledge in the spectator. I am not quite sure that this is a prudent assumption. Personally, what I know about La Pucelle is not worth talking about, and I resolutely decline to believe that I am the only ignorant person in London. For this reason the scene dealing with the Relief of Orleans seemed to me to be a little inadequate. It was not till I had returned home and looked up the subject that I was in a position to applaud the touching fidelity of author and producer to historic fact. I imagine, however, that the ordinary spectator at the Coliseum is not given to hunting up authorities after he has witnessed a turn of this kind at his favourite hall; and I should think Mr. Hicks would do well to supply a brief synopsis of this sketch when he is taking it into the provinces.

The "Matchless Maid" on the Stage

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

I presume it is intended to tour with the piece, as the production is on a scale of magnificence that would hardly be justified in respect of a brief appearance at the Coliseum, where I believe the programme is changed on a system about once a fortnight.

On the evening of my visit the second scene on the programme, "The Cross Roads, Domremy," was omitted, perhaps because on second thoughts Mr. Hicks might have apprehended that people would think he was trifling with a subject already exhaustively handled by the Brothers Melville. It seems to me that Miss Terriss hardly made the most of her opportunities in this scene showing the Relief of Orleans. Mounted on her charger, she hurried through the gates of the City, and was lost to view almost instantly, whereas the popular idea of Joan of Arc in this scene is, I think, that of a young lady in shining armour on a white horse, caracoling in the centre of the stage in two kinds of limelight. Miss Terriss makes a very effective picture as the Warrior Maid, and she might have been given a chance to stamp her individuality upon us for a moment or two. As it is, the Relief scene is mostly remarkable for the shouting and cheering of the well-trained crowds, which are, after all, only the background of the picture.

The scene of the capture of Joan is a tableau only. We see her in charge of a couple of soldiers who are holding her fast as if she were a mere Dartmoor Shepherd or some other elusive criminal of that sort; whereas I should have thought it would have been nearer to historical truth to have represented Joan's captors as having secured her merely with a show of superior force. After all, distinguished prisoners, even if they are only reputed witches, have their rights and privileges, and I fancy that for stage purposes a more dignified mode of arrest would have better fitted the occasion! As to what really did happen to Joan at the moment of her arrest, authorities seem to differ rather widely; and it is more than possible that if an exactly truthful reproduction of the scene were desired, the Censor would have blushingly intervened and suggested that there is such a thing as carrying historical accuracy too far. Still, Mr. Hicks knows his public, and he is probably right in assuming that the tableau as he represents it conveys to the ordinary mind the idea of arrest in the readiest and most effective manner possible.

When we next see Joan she is in her dungeon at Rouen, and there is a touching farewell between herself and her little sister. In this scene Miss Terriss receives admirable assistance from Miss Mary Glynn, a child-actress of much promise and very considerable performance. My impression of this scene is that it is too long, especially as it keeps us waiting for the last scene, which promises us the lovely spectacle of a fellow-creature being burnt alive—and everybody knows that you can't listen to poetic pathos with patience when there is a delicious entertainment like that in prospect. The last scene fully justifies its existence as a choice piece of sensation. All the most modern appliances of stagecraft are pressed into the service of the refreshing spectacle. Joan takes her place on the top of a pile of faggots, and fire is applied; and it is really difficult to believe that the whole thing is only an imitation. Flames shoot up and hide the hapless girl from view, and the illusion is quite remarkable in every way. Perhaps there is one slight defect here in the orderly conduct of the crowd. One lady, it is true, faints away in a correct and ladylike manner, but I do not remember that the crowd was as noisy as it might have been expected to be in the face of such a tremendous appeal to the emotions. When the flames have done their worst, we are treated to another sensation. Joan, having been burnt up, suddenly arises from her ashes like the phœnix in its most inspired moments, and soars to the top of the charred pile dressed in pure white, with her arms outstretched, like the picture of a lovely angel. The picture speaks for itself, and its appeal is answered by a roar of approval from the excited audience. The whole thing impressed me as being extremely well done. It cannot be criticised from the point of view of a work of art, of course, but as a good practical piece of showmanship it appealed to me as being a revelation in capable stage management.

JINGLE.

Photograph *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. George Alexander and Miss Ethel Irving in "The Witness for the Defence," at the St. James's Theatre

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's fine play has settled down in such thoroughly satisfactory fashion that a long run is certain. Miss Irving's acting in the play is one of the finest things she has done

Recuperating by the Sea

MISS NEILSON-TERRY ABANDONS THE CANVAS SEASHORE FOR THE REAL THING

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD SMITH

Miss Neilson-Terry's most striking work was done as Priscilla in "Priscilla Runs Away" at the Haymarket, under Mr. Herbert Trench's management. She also appeared under Mr. Trench's banner in the ill-fated "All That Matters." Just now she is holiday-making at Westgate-on-Sea, where the sea is even more realistic than at Mr. Trench's theatre. She will shortly appear in a round of Shakespearean characters under the management of her father, Mr. Fred Terry

ALL-BRITISH (COLUMBIA) TOBACCO

A TOBACCO HARVEST AT KELOWNA, B.C.

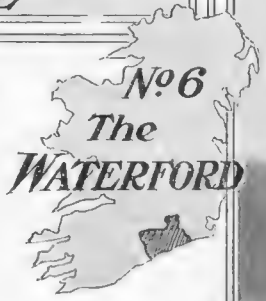
Kelowna is now beginning to grow a large quantity of tobacco of most excellent quality, which is manufactured into cigars locally. This is Mr. L. Holman's harvest

Photographs] A FIELD OF TOBACCO AT KELOWNA, B.C. *[G. H. E. Hudson*

Tobacco growing has proved successful in several districts of British Columbia, notably in Okanagan, where a leaf of superior quality is produced. Tobacco of commercial value will grow in almost any part of Southern British Columbia. Kelowna, thirty-three miles south of Vernon, on Okanagan Lake, is a prosperous town, enjoying a good trade as the supply point for Mission Valley and Sunnyside districts. The neighbourhood is being transformed into an immense orchard and vegetable garden, and shipments of fruit and vegetables are increasing very rapidly. The town has a tobacco factory, supplied by locally grown leaf, a sawmill, fruit packing house and other industrial establishments, and good stores, hotels, churches, and schools. The field of tobacco in this picture belongs to Mr. George Rose. The editor of a local newspaper is seen in the foreground smoking the finished product of the raw material around him

FAMOUS IRISH HUNTS AT HOME

Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby



IT is but a step from the Tipperary country to the Waterford; in fact, the two countries adjoin in the vicinity of that great landmark, the well-known hill of Slieve-Na-Mon, to which I alluded in my article on the Tipperary Hunt. My destination after leaving my hospitable host, Mr. Bouch, the Master of the Tipperary, was Curraghmore. I do not think that anyone will dispute the fact that the name of Beresford has ever been synonymous with manliness, pluck, generosity, and sport. I also think no name appeals more at the present time, as in the past, to the public mind than that of the family of which the Marquess of Waterford is the head.

Curraghmore, Portlaw, the Seat of the Marquess of Waterford

The Waterford pack now consists of fifty-five couples of hounds, of which forty couples are bitches. The strains from which Lord Waterford is working are chiefly Milton, Atherstone, and Tynedale, grafted on to Four Burrow bitches, which pack he purchased some four seasons back. The dog pack, as regards shape, have good necks, shoulders, well-sprung ribs, and they are deep through the heart. They have also short, compact loins. As a light, active hound is aimed at, some of them are apt to be light of bone and back of their knees. They are, however, straight, and their feet are good. In their work they have plenty of drive, nose, cry, and perseverance, and are particularly good at drawing the thick and almost impenetrable gorses which exist in the South of Ireland. The bitches also have extremely good necks, shoulders, and loins, and show a considerable amount of quality. Many of them are light-coloured, a colour particularly suitable

The Marquess and Marchioness of Waterford

Lord Waterford has been Master of the Waterford Hunt since 1906. He was for some years his own huntsman

The Badminton of Ireland

Curraghmore, Portlaw, Where the Waterford Kennels are Situated

Beautiful Curraghmore, fascinating in the extreme both in winter and summer, the Badminton of Ireland, where sport is spelt in very large letters indeed, is a spot to see and remember, a place which might with ease be written on at length, both on account of its romantic surroundings and the family who have resided here for century after century

The Waterford Pack, with Lord and Lady Waterford, Huntsman, and Whips

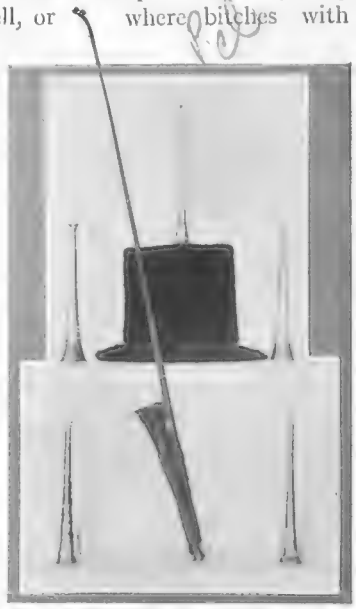
Lord Waterford announced his intention of resigning the Mastership this season, greatly to the sorrow of the Hunt and the farmers. So greatly was this felt that a memorial was presented to him quite recently, signed by over 1,400 farmers, begging him to continue. This, to the delight of all, he has consented to do

A Typical Bank in the Waterford Country

for seeing at a distance. Great care appears to be taken so as not to breed from weak-constitutioned hounds, as Lord Waterford is aiming at getting a medium-sized hound, compact, and near the ground, with the very best of shoulders and shortest and strongest of backs. In the few years that he has been building up the pack he has been wonderfully successful, and has won more than the average share of prizes at Clonmel.

The sport shown for the last five seasons has been of a consistently high order, and it is satisfactory to know the country is well foxed. It is a bank country, very closely fenced, where an exceedingly well-trained horse is necessary; in fact, the ideal hunter is a quick, handy horse that can twist and turn and get quickly into its stride. Some of the banks are stone-faced and some of the high razor-topped kind, and it is the exception for them to have a ditch on either side. There is every kind of country to be found, from open, grass country to hills with heather and stones. There is very little plough, and the going is wonderfully light and elastic on the turf, no matter how much it may rain. Lord Waterford is fortunate in being able to put out to walk a very large number of puppies entirely with the farmers, who are great supporters of the Hunt.

The kennels are very healthy, substantial stone buildings standing on the picturesque bank of the River Clodagh, which winds through the domain. The system of ventilation is excellent, and the whole of the slaughtering and boiling of flesh is conducted in an enclosed yard over two hundred yards away from kennels. All the offal is consumed in one of Horsfall's destructors, so that there are no heaps to cause anything in the nature of smell, or where bitches with whelps can pick up anything. W. Haynes, the huntsman, lives at the kennels, and most ably seconds Lord Waterford. He is a first-rate, well-mannered servant, who is making an excellent reputation both in the kennel and field. Lady Waterford is devoted to hunting, is usually out, and goes capitally. She has the great charm of manner of her family, and is very greatly beloved by everybody. Lord Waterford does not now hunt hounds himself, owing to a bad strain in the thigh. He is always out, and, despite his strain, goes over the country like a workman. His popularity is great with all classes, for his sporting qualities, his frank nature, and his kindliness have won him every heart. It is remarkable, however, to realise that some twenty to thirty years ago hunting was stopped in a very forcible manner in this very country. However, Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase Act has done wonders, and more than anything to settle things peaceably down — at any rate, in County Waterford. Long may it so remain, and sport be allowed to flourish under the brilliant Mastership of so good a sportsman and kindly a gentleman as Sir Henry De La Poer Beresford, Sixth Marquess of Waterford, K.P.



The Beaver Hunting Hat worn by the third Marquess of Waterford, with Whip and Horns used by other Masters of the Hunt

The Mixed Pack at Exercise, with Lord Waterford and his Huntsman

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The RAILWAY SLEEPER

By Laurence North

THE sudden destitution of a respectable man is usually a theme for the Tragic Muse, but there have been occasions when the Muse of Comedy made it her own, to the inextinguishable laughter, doubtless, of the deathless gods. Such, at least, was the adventure of Mr. Abraham Lincoln, a gentle and unassuming man of letters, whose great talents had, unfortunately, never been able to free him from obscurity, or to bring him more than a very modest competence. He was not discontented, being of a perennial hopefulness, like unto that of Micawber himself, so he scraped along on little, believing that one day better fortune would be his. And one day, sure enough, something did turn up. Abraham was within an ace of luck, but the Comic Muse could not resist making game of him for the hundredth time.

It was only a small position, as the world accounts such, but to Mr. Lincoln and his spouse the Editorship of the *Diddlebury Intelligencer* seemed a great and secure thing. The pair blessed the great and kind Mr. Anastasius Charing, who had "put this thing their way." There was, to be sure, old Uff, the Diddlebury soap-boiler, who was powerful on the board, non-committal and opiniative, but the other directors would talk him over. Abraham's unblemished character would be sure to tell with the soap magnate, the chiefest philanthropist in the town of the Lincoln's desire.

"Of course you will get it, dear," Mrs. Lincoln said for the thousand and first time. "Now go and enjoy your walk, and don't worry any more."

It was Wednesday afternoon, which Abraham always kept sacred for a long stroll with his old friend and fellow-scribe, Pimley. These half-holidays, they both declared, were a refreshment and an inspiration. They talked of their affairs. In that simple and pleasant parochialism they found new strength to labour for a pittance. To-day they would discuss the high prospects of Diddlebury, like happy schoolboys.

Abraham lived in the country, about twenty miles from town. The name of the place is of no importance. That it was on the main line to Diddlebury is all that matters for this history. Usually Lincoln and Pimley met at some station about half way to town, and struck across country. To-day, tempted by the crisp weather, they went on and on, careless of the miles, until late in the afternoon they found themselves at Hillingdon.

"I'll tell you what," said Pimley, "why don't you come back to town on the tram with me and have some supper? It will be better than tramping alone all the way to Childlingford Station."

Now Abraham was tempted. He had never made the long approach to London by tram from Hillingdon. Something of the mystery in those flat lands, dim with evening haze, appealed to his sense of the romantic. Half the dreariness of the Uxbridge Road seemed to be lost in the misty twilight. How pleasant to fly towards London, through this veiled landscape, as darkness drew on, to watch the onrush of the houses, to see the lights spring up, to listen to the gathering roar of Babylon. An inconsequent tag of verse, not quite accurately remembered or appropriate, but very pleasing, came into Abraham's head:

"To speed the barks of Hellas on
To war, to war, till Troy be won
Beside the reedy river"—

murmured the scribe gently. Quotation was his besetting sin. "Yes, let us go back by tram," he agreed. "I can get the midnight train home."

The drive on the rushing, hissing electric car was all he had hoped. When Troy was won, they descended easily on Pimley's suburb, and spent a luxurious evening. Exercise, air, and good talk had made Abraham healthily tired. He was reluctant to quit Pimley's easy-chair, but the hour called. He must not risk missing the last train, or Mary would be distracted.

The night had fallen chill. "You'd better take an overcoat," Pimley suggested.

"Thanks, but that one's too good. Any old thing will do; I mustn't go off with yours. No, no; please get an old one."

"This is too awful," Pimley objected, producing a venerable garment, much frayed at the wrists, and generally very seedy.

"It's first-rate," said Abraham. "Nobody's to see me at this time of night."

Now Pimley was an ample man, and his coat lent comfort but no smartness to Abraham's lean figure. It did not gain by conjunction with a burnt and battered straw hat, but of these things Abraham took no thought. He did not dream that with that coat disaster was interwoven.

Cheerfully, then, he took leave of Pimley and stepped out into the night.

Yes, certainly he was sleepy. Well, another hour and a quarter would see him safe home. What a mad age, when a man went twenty miles to bed! He would make an article upon that—"Leagues to the Land of Nod," excellent for *Queerson's*. Mem.—Get facts about people who went a long way home every night. Extraordinary how a man with his wits about him could pick up odd guineas by the wayside. One must always be earning, however, in these times. His reflection brought him cheerfully to the Grand Junction. He had just enough for his ticket, not enough to have taken him all the way home, but he had a return from his own rustic station to Chidlingford, where he had

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

met Pimley. To Chidlingford, therefore he booked a single.

He found an empty carriage, and, in defiance of rules, rested his feet on the opposite seat, and lay back in the corner. He had brought nothing to read, it was too late to get a paper, and, besides, he had not a penny left. No matter; he could think out "Leagues to the Land of Nod."

When the train stopped at Chidlingford Abraham roused himself a little. Only three stations more: he must not fall asleep and get carried past his own nameless abode. He was in no mood for further tramping. The train went on again, the gentle ryhthm of the engine seemed to beat time to the pleasant refrain, "Diddlebury, Diddlebury, Uff, Uff, Uff"—if only Mr. Uff could be prevailed upon, all would be well with the House of Lincoln. Abraham's head sank lower and lower upon his breast. "Diddlebury, Diddlebury, Uff, Uff—Nod!"

The jerk of the stopping train interrupted the refrain. Abraham, numb and dazed, stared about him. He picked up his hat and stick, which had fallen to the floor. He had not seen them fall. That was strange. The last station was Chidlingford, this must be Beckmansworth. In the faint moonlight he could recognise no familiar landmarks. He had better get out. The solitary porter was far away down the platform; the train was starting. How drunken his legs felt. Yes, he had better get out. He must have been sound asleep. For how long. Oh, for how long?

The deserted station was unfamiliar, much bigger than his own halting-place. He staggered towards the porter, who flashed his lantern in Abraham's dazzled eyes.

"Whastationishthish, please?" How preposterous that his very tongue should seem as sleepy as his legs! And he was a total-abstainer, almost. He and Pimley had had only one whisky each.

The porter eyed him humorously. He had seen late returning travellers before, but this time his suspicions were unjust.

"Diddlebury, Sir."

"Diddlebury!"

"Yes, Diddlebury, all right." They had now come under the full glare of one of the station lamps, and the porter, noticing the frayed and seedy coat, discarded "Sir" for a more familiar address.

"Oh, dear," said Abraham miserably. "I've been asleep, I fear. When's the next train back?"

"7.30 a.m. Far to go?"

"Twenty-five miles. Isn't there a goods train?" His speech and his wits were clearing.

"No. Ticket please." They had reached the gate.

Confusion! At the terminus he had put both tickets carefully into an outer pocket of that treacherous coat. Now he discovered a great slit in the lining. The tickets were no doubt still travelling.

"You'll 'ave to pay," said the gate-keeper, icily, after explanations. "I'll wire on, and if your tickets are found the Company'll refund."

Refund, oh mockery! Refund what? Shame-faced, Abraham confessed his plight.

The porter and the collector hailed him to the door of the station-master's office. At that hour, only the deputy was on duty. Abraham overheard the colloquy within.

"Drunk cove, no ticket, no money—says he slept past his station and dropped his tickets, single to Chidlingford and return from there to his own place."

The telegraph clicked a message down the line and the officials came out. They looked at Abraham, as one examines a rare bird.

"I assure you, gentlemen," he began, "I am *not* drunk. I never have been drunk in my life——"

"*That's* all right, friend," the deputy agreed. "Gents like you are never drunk—we know all about that—steady on——"

"I'll report your insolence to the Company. Here is my card——"

They grinned while Abraham fumbled. Alas! he had left his card-case at home. He had not even an envelope in any pocket.

"My name is well known—it is Abraham Lincoln."

"Seem to 'ave 'eard it," the Deputy admitted blandly. "Sure it isn't Teddy Roosevelt? Just take a look outside, Bill, and see if there's a peeler about Market Street."

"I protest," Abraham cried, while a vision of his sweet, distracted Mary and his innocent sleeping children rose before him—"I am a respectable man, a journalist——"

"They all call 'emselves journalists," said the policeman, entering with Bill in time to hear the last words, "saime as the lydys is all hactresses."

The constable had served in the Metropolitan Force. "Wot's this o'?"

The officer, who had never read "Sartor Resartus," was nevertheless a student of clothes-philosophy. Abraham's collar and tie had, alas! become terribly disordered while he slept. He always walked in an easy, shabby old suit. By itself, that was not compromising, but the deplorable overcoat put the final touch to his disarray. Yet the policeman, as in duty bound, had to be very careful.

"Perhaps," he said, "you know somebody in Diddlebury to answer for you?"

A desperate hope seized Abraham. He did not know anybody, but his name was at least known. "Mr. Uff," he said wildly, "can answer for my respectability." Then his fatal habit of rhythmic association intervened. He murmured absently—"Diddlebury, Diddlebury, Uff, Uff, Uff."

His persecutors exchanged intelligent glances.

"You'd better come along with me to the station," said the constable, touching Abraham's frayed coat-sleeve, "pendin' inquiries."

"I'll have an action for false imprisonment!" Abraham shouted.

"Best come quiet," the constable advised.

At that moment the telegraph bell rang. The deputy went into his office, and for a few seconds the machine clicked out a message. The official reappeared.

"Tickets found in third," he remarked genially. "Lucky for you. No charge, officer."

The policeman shook his head, doubtfully.

"I advise you to go to your friends quiet," he said. "Bed's the place for you."

"You will all hear more of this outrage," Abraham said, with a loftiness the other set down to Bacchus. Holding his head very high, he strode out of the station door. Three steps led down to the level of the street. Poor Abraham did not notice them. In a moment he had measured his length on the pavement outside.

(Continued on page 138)

Preening Her Wings in the Spring Sunshine

Photograph A PEEP ACROSS THE RIVER DART *E. Staniland Pugh*

(*Continued from page 136*)

His nose had been pitifully bruised on the stones, but, in spite of the pain, he pulled himself up and staggered away, in what direction he knew not. Behind him he heard the heavy step of the Law, now sure of its ground and of a case. Abraham's handkerchief told a dismal tale. He must be a frightful spectacle. If he were taken in this condition, it would go hard with him. What an arrival at Diddlebury, town of his hopes! Was ever miserable man so derided by the gods? And nearer, ever nearer, drew the constable's footsteps. Abraham ran. The Law also ran.

Abraham passed a little inn. A light still burned in an upper window. Dare he knock and appeal to charity? But what could a dishevelled, panting, bleeding creature avail at such an hour? He listened. The pursuit had ceased. Any port in a storm. He knocked. A sleepy woman opened the window and looked out.

"That you at last, Jim?" a voice asked.

"Yes," Abraham replied, disguising his tones. In his despair he cared not what he did, if only the door were opened. The policeman's step again! Or was it only fancy? "Lemme in, quick," he implored, breathlessly.

"*As* usual," the woman said, in a tone of weary resignation. "Oh, Jim, Jim!"

Ages passed, it seemed, before the door opened. Candle-light flashed in Abraham's eyes. He blinked. A sudden draught blew out the flame. A strong hand seized him by the collar and dragged him inside. The door banged and there was a sound of bolts shot to.

Abraham leaned against the wall of the little passage and sought to recover his balance. The woman's hand had been rough.

"Now," said the aggrieved lady, "you come upstairs to bed at once, Jim, an' no nonsense. I'm tired o' you and your sprees."

The hand was on his collar again. Abraham found himself compelled towards what seemed to be a staircase.

"I—I," he began helplessly——

"Yes, you, you," the voice mocked him through the gloom. "I'll *I* you, my beauty, when you get upstairs. Wait and see."

"But," Abraham protested, "I'm not your husband, Madam." He was being shaken violently, and his voice seemed scarcely his own.

"We'll see about that, Jimmy boy. Come along." They were on the landing now.

A vigorous push shot Abraham into a dimly lighted room.

His captor strode upon him and stopped with a shriek. Then she turned up the gas, looked, and shrieked again.

"Get out of this at once," the buxom dame cried, "whoever you are. Oh, murder!" she added, catching sight of Abraham's besmeared face.

The poor man turned to flee. At that moment a furious knocking assailed the street door. "Here's Jim!" the lady groaned. "See, I'll let you out by the back door. You can climb the garden wall and go off by the lane. Oh, dear; oh, dear! And me a respectable woman!"

Once more Abraham was piloted through dark passages for a space. Then he felt himself thrust out into the cool air. He listened and pitied the hapless James.

When the sounds of chastisement had lulled, Abraham reconnoitred. Which wall should he climb? He chose one at random and mounted with pain and difficulty. At any rate, he had escaped the policeman. Yes, he had hit the lane. He began to lower himself carefully to the ground. A neighbouring clock struck two.

As Abraham descended, a nail in the wall ripped Pimley's coat into looped and windowed raggedness. He had scarcely touched the ground when he heard a footstep. Horror, it was the Law once more! He flew up the lane incontinent. It was a blind alley. Another wall rose before him. Beyond it loomed dim trees and the shadowy outline of a large house. Climb he must, whatever might lie on the other side. The policeman was bearing down on him at speed.

To his latest day Abraham will never know how he conquered that wall. But conquered it was, after a frantic, nail-breaking scramble. He hung for a second on the other side, and with a prayer, dropped —

"Cr–r–r–ash!" A shell in the Crystal Palace could not rival this havoc.

It was a miracle! He was not cut to pieces, as he had feared at first, but somebody's cucumber-frame was in ruins. With infinite care he stepped clear of the wreckage, and waited, panic-stricken.

A light glimmered in the great house. A window was thrown up and someone blew a police-whistle. An answering whistle shrilled from the lane.

"Are you there, officer?" a voice cried.

"All right, Sir, I've got 'im. I'll be round in a moment. 'E's in the garden."

Evidently the Law could not climb. There was a chance yet. Abraham sought a new means of flight; would this fearful night never end? Confusion! The householder would certainly give him in charge. In vain Abraham sought an exit. The wall on this side was too high to climb again. Blindly he tripped and stumbled about the dark garden, doing he knew not what fearful damage, and leaving tell-tale footprints on soft flower-beds. Oh, this was terrible! Farewell the soft Editorial chair of the *Intelligencer*! Ruin and disgrace! No exit, no exit. He must be caught. Stay, had he given his name at the station? He could not remember. Yes, he had, but it was before the policeman came in. There was just a shadow of hope.

Lights gleamed in the garden, among them the steady glare of a bull's-eye. These will-o'-the-wisps closed in upon him. An elderly gentleman, two men-servants, half-dressed, and the Law seized Abraham.

"Oh, it *is* you," said the Law. "I thought so. Come along."

"Bring him into the hall for a minute," said the old gentleman. "We'll hear what he has to say for himself."

They went round by the front. The servants switched on the hall lights. In the glare Abraham stood a pitiful, torn figure, while the policeman told his tale.

"I can explain everything," Abraham gasped.

"Take him away, officer," the householder said; "a disreputable character."

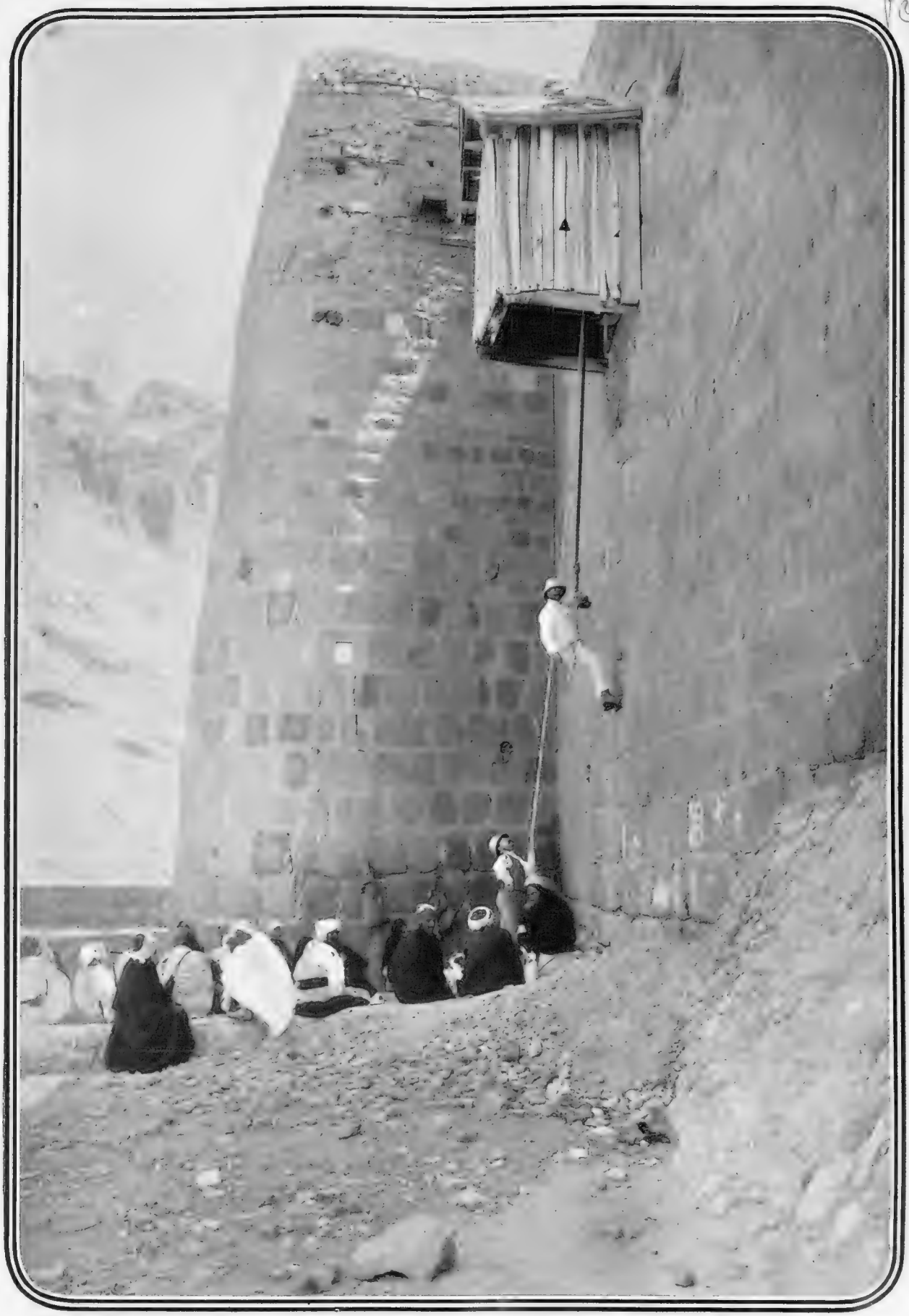
"'E said you could answer for 'im, Sir."

"Tush! He's not responsible for what he says in that state. Take him away."

Continued on page 140

A Freakish Front Door

THE ANCIENT METHOD OF ENTERING A MONASTERY ON MOUNT SINAI



Photograph *American Colony, Jerusalem*

The Monastery of St. Catherine was founded about the year 530 A.D. by Justinian, and is now one of the most interesting sights in the Sinai peninsula. It is no longer necessary to enter by the trap-door in the wall, some 30 ft. above the ground, up to which all who sought admittance were formerly hauled by a rope. One may now enter by a door in one of the buttresses. The church attached to the monastery is remarkable for its massive grandeur, and contains many great relics and religious treasures

(Continued from page 138)

At the police-station, Abraham utterly crushed, gave the name of Thomas Dodd.

Next morning, after a purgatorial night, Abraham was, to his surprise, dismissed with a caution. The gentleman whose premises he had invaded was very charitable, and had, the magistrate said, refused, on reflection, to press the charge. It appeared that the accused had told the truth about his railway tickets. That was in his favour. Abraham was advised to lead a more temperate life in future, or at any rate to avoid sleeping off his debauches in railway trains, a practice which invariably led to trouble.

Very weary (and without a penny to buy a crust) he took the road home. His appearance, after night-fall, hungry and footsore, relieved while it grieved afresh his poor distracted wife.

"Here," she said, when Abraham had bathed and supped, "is a letter—from Diddlebury! I opened it. Mr. Uff wants to see you to-morrow, dearest. I hope your poor nose will be all right by the morning."

"Oh, no fear," said Abraham, cheerfully. He kissed Mary again. "What a good thing I called myself Thomas Dodd."

"Yes, darling; but anyhow it's all right. Mr. Uff will never know anything about it. And you've no idea how different you look now. I really mistook you for a tramp, at first, in Pimley's old coat."

Next day, Abraham, admirably arrayed and with only a slightly disfigured nose, alighted again at Diddlebury, and inquired his way to Mr. Uff's. The house lay on the outskirts of the town. As he drew near, a horrible foreboding assailed him. No, that was impossible. He pushed on. Yes, there was no mistaking the place, but for Mary's sake and the children's he must go through with it, come what might. Trembling, he rang the bell.

The footman looked at him casually, then sharply.

"No," said the man, "Mr. Uff is *not* at 'ome."

"But I have an appointment. Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln."

The footman grinned. "No, no, it won't do, Mr. Thomas Dodd. I know you, in spite of your swell rig-out. And the paper says you tried the Abraham Lincoln dodge at the railway-station. Be off, or I'll call the police."

Abraham's nerve failed. He fled.

"Who was that, William?" Mr. Uff asked.

"That man Thomas Dodd, Sir, dressed up to the nines and saying he was Mr. Abraham Lincoln."

"Curious—I expect a Mr. Abraham Lincoln. Sure you've not made a mistake, William?"

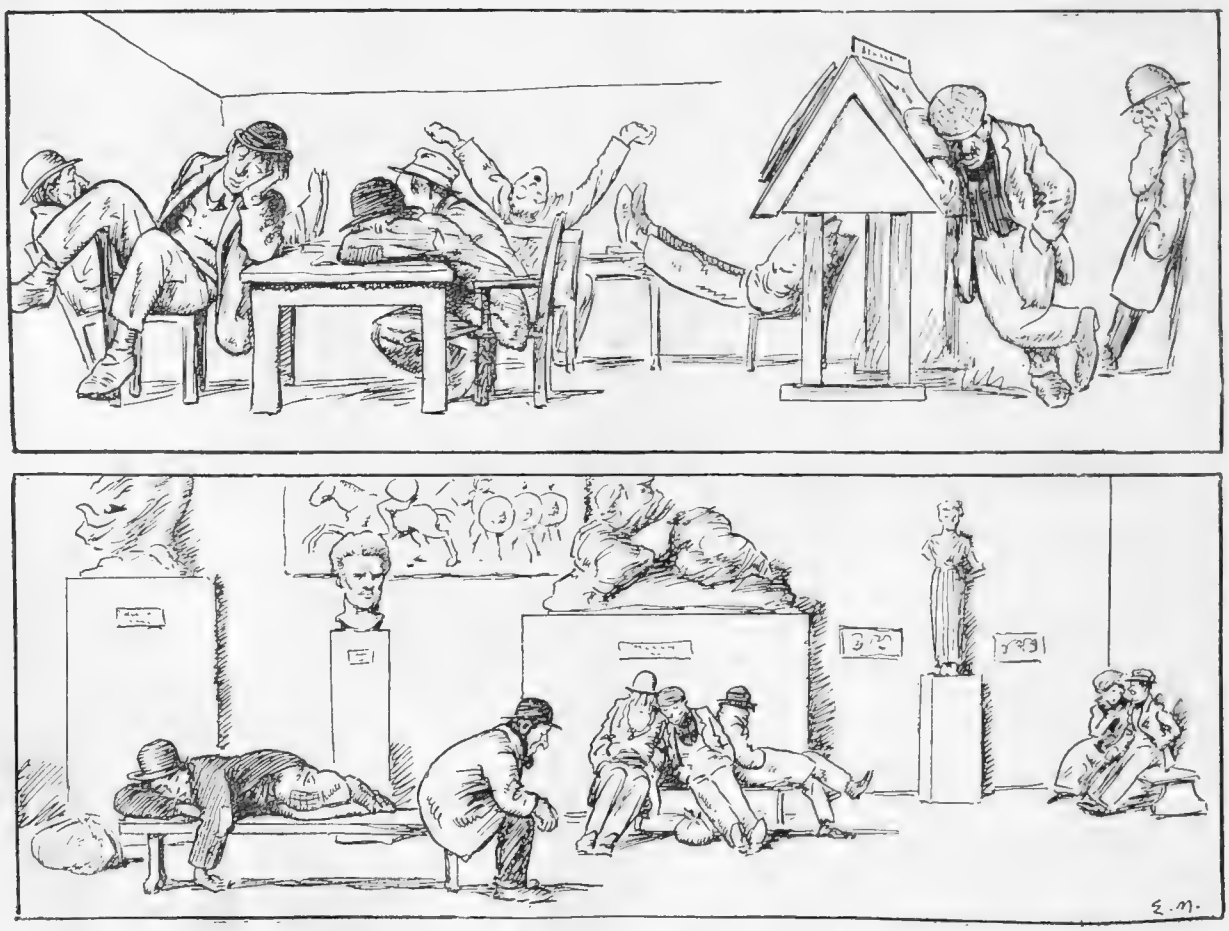
"I knew 'im perfectly, Sir; same swollen nose and all, and when I said 'police' he cleared off quick."

"Show Mr. Lincoln in at once, then, when he comes."

"Yessir."

Poor Mary waited in vain for news of her husband's promotion. The true inwardness of his failure is the only secret Abraham has from his gentle wife, and it gives him real sorrow. Sometimes, as he toils at his miserable odds and ends of writing, he wonders why Fate played that mad prank with him. He still works and hopes for better luck. But oh, for the pleasant security of the *Intelligencer*! He cannot bring himself to say the word "Diddlebury" any more.

LAURENCE NORTH



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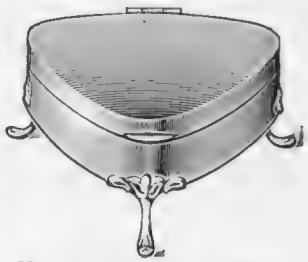

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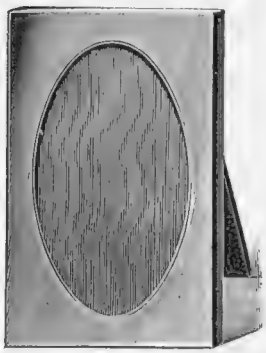

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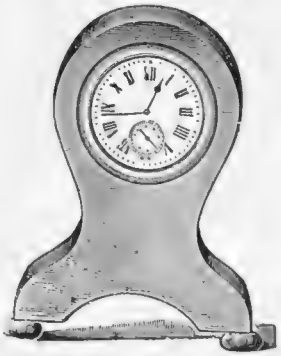

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

Modern Dramatists

Some time ago, in reviewing Mr. Montague's *Dramatic Values*, I pointed out that one of the factors which keep back the English drama was the dramatic critic. He has no influence with the public, but he frightens the managers. Dramatic critics are better than they used to be; at least, there are more good ones. It is no longer a case of Mr. Walkley and Mr. William Archer only. There are a few others, such as Mr. De Selincourt, of the *Star*. But the majority are just as ignorant as they were ten years ago and more. They hide their ignorance by praising the actors and actresses and the scenery. And their only qualifications for writing dramatic criticism seem to be that they have had plays refused by most of the managers. I suppose that is why they are feared and why they always praise the actors. They live in hopes of placing their works, but naturally dislike anyone who is "placed" before them. Hence their conservative dislike of "new drama." May I recommend to them a very useful work, entitled *Modern Dramatists*, by Ashley Dukes (Frank Palmer: 5*s*.)? They will hear such a lot about writers of whom they are never likely to know anything, partly because they do not know any language, even English, and partly because they have never been inside a foreign theatre. Even the few who are trying to equip themselves for the responsibilities of their positions will be grateful to Mr. Ashley Dukes. He has a remarkable knowledge of a very large subject, great critical insight, and a well-balanced judgment. Of course, he is more interested in the drama than in the theatre, more concerned in the words spoken than in those who are to speak them.

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé, F.R.P.S.*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Whose new volume of poems, "Songs of the Road," has just been published by Messrs. Smith, Elder. It is a worthy companion volume to his "Songs of Action"

Waning French Prestige

Mr. Ashley Dukes disclaims any intention of writing a guide to popular authors. And I am rather claiming that he has written one, but not to authors popular in England, but to the authors who are European dramatists to-day, or whose dramas form the modern European drama, such as Strindberg, Hauptmann, Wedekind, Schnitzler, Von Hofmannsthal, Tchekhov, Maeterlinck, and D'Annunzio. The only English playwrights discussed are Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, and John Galsworthy. How far France has receded from her once unchallenged position can be observed by the circumstance that only two dramatists, Brieux and Capus, are accorded the honours of modernity. It must not be thought that Mr. Ashley Dukes is one of the "cranks," or that he believes salvation lies only in the censored play. But he will make a good many "dramatic" critics rub their eyes. He warns us at the outset that a "European reputation" is not an infallible passport to "modernity." "Sudermann has in reality no more claim to rank among the moderns than Sir Arthur Pinero." In the admirable introductory chapter he points out that modernity is the quality by which any writer, dramatic, poetic, or literary, becomes eventually a classic. The so-called revolutionaries of one generation are the academists of the next. There were no revolutionaries in English drama in the nineteenth century until Bernard Shaw, and hence there is no Victorian drama. Whether his reasons are right, the fact is indisputable. Matthew Arnold referred thirty years ago to our stage as "the most contemptible in Europe." Mr. Ashley Dukes

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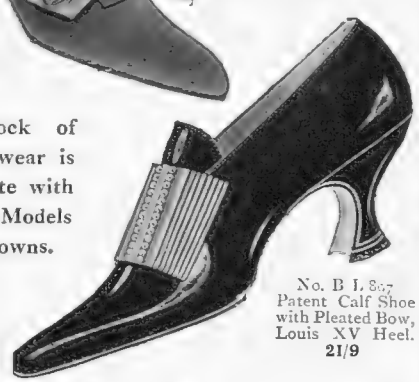

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has another excellent explanation which has been offered before, but never put forth so trenchantly. This is that English poets seldom take the theatre seriously, and the attitude is reciprocal. I think this might have been expanded a little more. Byron was at one time chairman of the Drury Lane management. Coleridge produced plays which failed. And not so long ago Mr. Laurence Binyon's *Attila* proved that we have great poets who are anxious to write for the stage. Mr. Masefield, another poet, at all events succeeds in his masterly prose dramas. I think it is entirely the fault of critics, who, quite ignorant of poetry, or, indeed, literature, think they are profound when they invoke Shakespeare in order to depreciate poetic drama and to deprecate the introduction of literature on to the stage. The success of the latter will mean, of course, that they themselves disappear. Even editors would soon find out that they knew nothing about literature. Many critics are good judges of bad acting. Every one is a good judge of good acting. But to become a dramatic critic is a very different thing from becoming a theatrical reporter. That is what most of them are. By reading this really powerful work of Mr. Ashley Dukes some of them may realise the deficiency of their qualifications.

Delusions

At the same time, I think Mr. Ashley Dukes ought not to follow that rather absurd chimera, the theory that if our stage had been better certain distinguished writers would have been dramatists. The recent production of *Atalanta in Calydon* has shown too clearly, if anyone doubted, that Swinburne had no dramatic sense whatever, no "sense of theatre." The claim made for Meredith is just as fantastic. At the end of his life unwise friends persuaded the "great man" that he could do anything, and an idiotic little fragment was produced after his death. If Meredith had been a dramatist he would have thought in drama, whatever the condition of the stage in England. *The Egoist* is quite undramatic, if I may be allowed to contradict Mr. Ashley Dukes. Then, while I admire the frankness of his criticism of Shaw, I do not agree with it. And I object to Brieux being called a dramatist "distinctly of the second rank."

Farewell

With much regret I now bid farewell to "The Literary Log." A stronger and better writer will take my place. I don't want Bystanders to think that I am weary of them, as they must be of me. As Chinese servants leave testimonials of their masters' character under the kitchen table, may I be allowed to give a testimonial to my Editor? I have never worked under anyone who was so patient or considerate or appreciative. Pay has been reg'lar. The fell clutch of circumstance separates us; nothing else. And let me also answer a question put forth in many charming letters from unknown correspondents. The handsome-looking man, resembling Mr. Frank Richardson, who is seen in the ingenious decoration at the head of this column is *not*, alas! a portrait of Robert Ross.

[I should shed more tears over the above paragraph were it not for the fact that the word "farewell," thanks chiefly to Victorian *prime donne*, has long ago lost its original meaning. I confidently believe that the "farewell" of my friend, Mr. Robert Ross, to The Bystander is only his first, and that there will be no last. As to a "stronger and better writer" taking his place, I doubt it. Somebody else will, probably, write about books in another way, if there are any books worth writing about. Mr. Ross will, too, when he feels like it, and on other subjects when he does not.—Editor.]

"Defender of the Faith"

As entrancing a romance as one could wish for is Marjorie Bowen's *Defender of the Faith* (Methuen: 6*s*.). It is surprising that so interesting a character as William of Orange does not appear more often in fiction. Miss Bowen has given us a charming representation of this staid and persevering young man. *Defender of the Faith* is a volume that should find a permanent home upon the library shelf.

Cricket in the West Indies: A Snapshot in Victoria Park, Kingtown, St. Vincent, Showing Match in Progress Between the Island Club and the M.C.C.

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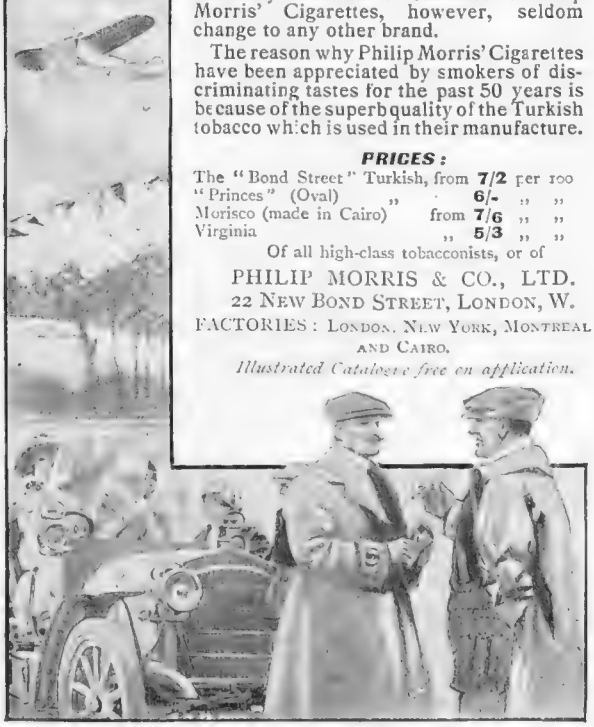

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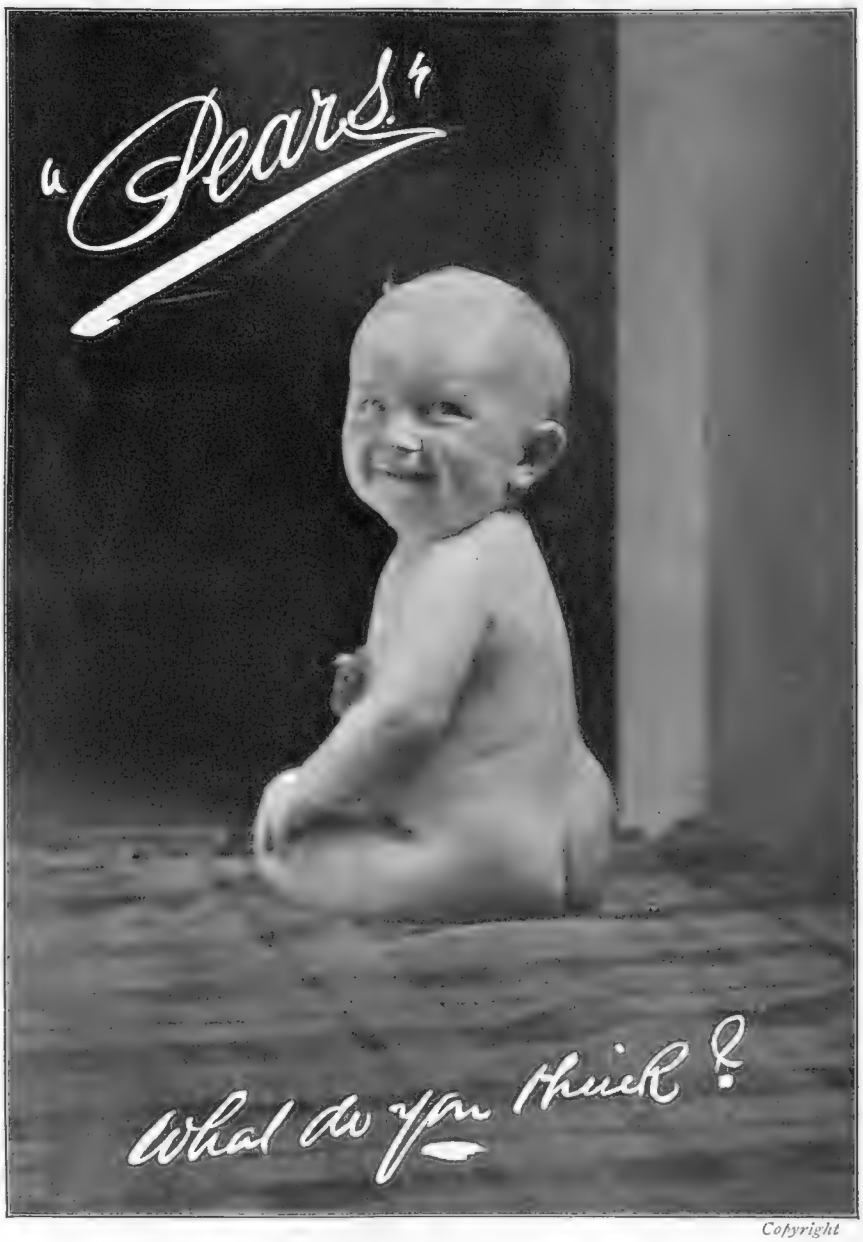

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Last of the Hockey Internationals: England v. Ireland. The English Goal in Jeopardy

There is great rejoicing in Ireland over the result of this match, which was played at Park Avenue, Dublin, on the 8th, for the Irishmen, contrary to expectation, managed to make a draw of it, and were perhaps a little unlucky in not winning. The score was 2 goals all. Ireland is the only International team which has scored against England this season

RACKETS

A "Line" for the Championship

The exhibition match at Queen's Club on April 8 between Mr. E. M. Baerlein, the English Amateur Champion, and W. Jamsetji, the World's Champion, was quite a momentous affair in view of the fact that Jamsetji has come over to England from Bombay to defend his title to the Championship against Charles Williams, the English Champion, who has challenged him. For Williams won the English Championship recently by defeating Mr. Baerlein, and accordingly students of form were afforded an opportunity of comparing the results of Williams *v.* Baerlein and Jamsetji *v.* Baerlein, and so "getting a line" as to the probable issue of the big match between the two professionals which is to begin towards the end of this month. The line that is now forthcoming indicates that the Parsee will retain his title. Mr. Baerlein played Williams level, whereas Jamsetji had to give him three aces in every game. In each case the amateur was the loser, and of the two Jamsetji beat him more decisively. Hence, on form, Jamsetji ought to beat Williams. But we all know that collateral form is unreliable. If it were not there would be far less excitement in sport than there is.

W. Jamsetji, World's Rackets Champion

C. Williams, English Rackets Champion

Williams has challenged Jamsetji for the Championship of the World, and the match will be played in two instalments, at Queen's Club and Prince's, on April 29 and May 13. Jamsetji, who is nearly twenty years older than his rival, beat Gilbert Browne, who claimed the title on the retirement of Peter Latham in 1903, and has since held it unchallenged until now

"Jam" for Short

"Jam"—to use the inevitable abbreviation which his admirers have adopted when applauding him—is really a very wonderful person, for he has reached the age at which players of games are irreverently styled veterans. But there is very little of the veteran about him. Every man loses something in actual activity after the age of thirty or thereabouts, and "Jam" is not actually as quick about a court as he used to be, or as some younger men, including his chief rival, now are. But he makes up for this in other ways. He possesses, in the first place, that power of anticipation which is so valuable in all ball games, and this, coupled with his experience and thorough knowledge of the game, enables him to reach the ball just as easily as a man of half his age and perhaps nearly double his activity. In fact, instead of him going after the ball, the ball seems to come to him, while his opponent is tearing all over the court after it. Prior to his last match with Mr. Baerlein, the amateur had always beaten him at the odds. He naturally took some little time getting back his form after his voyage from India, and the cold weather has, of course, handicapped him; but he has got it back now, and in beating Mr. Baerlein he gave one of the finest displays

of all-round rackets since the days when Peter Latham was at his zenith. On Williams's play I have already commented when his matches with Mr. Baerlein for the English Championship were on. He, too, possesses a thorough knowledge of the game, and is a grand hitter, besides possessing tremendous activity and any amount of staying power. He may not be fancied to beat Jamsetji, but he can be relied on to make a good fight for the honour of old England.

GOLF. By ERNEST LEHMANN

St. George's Metamorphosed

This is the period which might well be termed the "doldrums" of the golfing year. Winter is barely over and spring has hardly begun. Indeed, at the time of writing, the gentle zephyr, which the poets associate with spring, is taking the form of bitter and biting north-east winds, bringing with them scurries of snow and sleet. Golf is, therefore, not all pure pleasure, and the delicate parts of the game are apt to suffer owing to frozen fingers and stiff wrists. Slow foursomes are entirely out of place, and a hurried and galloping single alone permits of the player keeping any warmth in him. The golfer for the moment is like the serpent which is preparing to shed its skin, and is hesitating (if serpents ever do hesitate) to do so for fear of being premature in the operation. Still, when these lines appear some of the spring meetings will have been held, and we shall get some idea of the form of the leading protagonists in the amateur ranks. By then let us hope the winter will have finally disappeared, and that milder conditions will give the players a better chance of showing their powers. The St. George's Club will have held their spring meeting, and we shall be able to gather some opinions on the new features of the course.

Photograph] **A Royal Send-Off** [*Ernest Brooks*
The new Cumberland Lodge Golf Club at Windsor was formally opened by Prince Christian, who made the first stroke played on the course

Farewell to the Punch Bowl

After many, many years of strenuous discussion the 17th hole has at last been altered, and the old punch-bowl green is a thing of the past. It is astonishing in this connection to reflect on the vagaries of fashion in the golfing world. In the early days of southern golf the St. George's course formed the ideal of the southern golfer's dreams. He loved a vast eminence over which to drive and also a hillock to approach over. For private matches, no doubt, this sort of hole afforded much interest and excitement, although, to a great extent, it reduced the good and indifferent player to the same level of lucky chance. But when Championships had to be played over such a course it soon began to be perceived that a succession of blind holes gave no real opportunity to the artistic player for showing the *finesse* of his game. Take the case of the old 17th hole at Sandwich. In the Championship of 1904, when the ground was extremely hard and dry, the great men found that the best method of playing their approach shots was to bang the ball against the face of the hill and trust to the chapter of accidents for the result. That sort of thing was certainly not a test of scientific approach play. But although this defect was pointed out at the time, and also in subsequent years, it has taken all this time to achieve the alteration of this hole. The change may be considered to be the finishing touch to those slow but sure alterations which, if I mistake not, will be welcomed by the professionals next June, and which will have made the St. George's course a real and testing Championship course. The 17th green is now a good deal further on to the left, and the hole is now a full two-shot hole.

Other Alterations

Other changes have also been made in earlier holes, which will have the combined effects of lengthening the course, balancing the two halves of it more equally, and making it a much fairer test of first-class play than it was formerly. But it has required great patience and persistence to effect these improvements. It is always a very difficult thing for the committee of a Championship Club to get the consent of the bulk of its members to alterations of a course which they like for their private matches, however unsuited it may be in certain features for great competitions. The St. George's committee have had a particularly difficult task in this respect, and it speaks volumes for their skill in management and for the unselfish public spirit of the members that the changes at the 5th, the maiden, the 8th, the 10th, the 14th, 16th, 17th, and 18th should have been effected by the one and accepted by the other. Those who are not fortunate enough to visit the course itself and sample the new holes may be recommended to read the admirable account of them given by Captain Hutchison in the new "Nisbet." Let us hope that the new course will be given a prolonged test in its new conditions, and that further changes may not be found necessary.

A Polisher, Preserver, and Purifier

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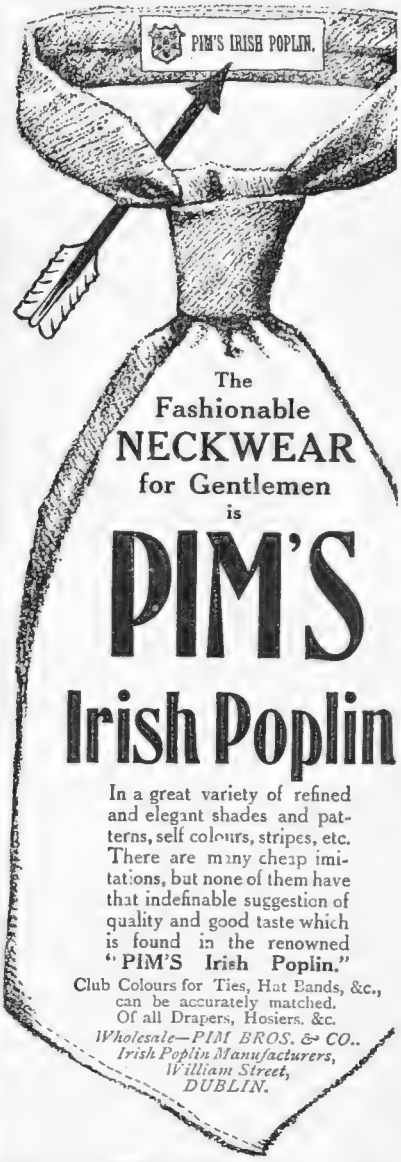

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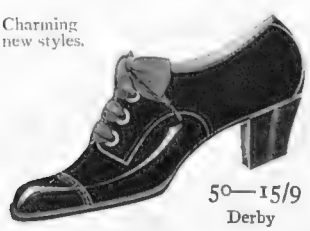

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An impression of the interest of the motor-cyclist in the sport his nimble and efficient little machine provides. Class IV. in the Oxford M.C.C. Hill-climb at the foot of Kops Hill

Springtime

Easter, and the great highway before us. Easter, and the pageantry of springtide at the door. The season of black hibernation is done, although winter hangs on desperately, and once again we have the miracle of Nature's resurrection to glad green life. Has the "old 'bus" been laid up through the sleeping time? That was wisdom of the one part, if for no better reason than that the road-mender makes his hay while the sun does not shine: digging pits for air-tyred wheels; making a desolation of jagged metal and calling it "improvement"; feeding the puncture fiend upon a fine diet to the misery of motor-men. There are, of course, other reasons than road-surface conditions. There are red noses, which ladies like little; and cold extremities which men like less; and sudden soakings which both hate enormously. Besides which, I will concede there is much bleakness in the winter prospect, and only low-toned colouring; and these are not conducive to far touring. But to lay the "'bus" up completely, as is the habit of many, is unwisdom (of the second part), because all roads are not under repair, despite the alleged stimulus of the Road Board, and weather conditions are not always depressing. The courage that triumphs over the prospect of discomfort and goes out with the car comes to robust health in the end, discovering on the way that anticipation multiplies misery most damnably. From the warm ease of the house we shiver at the thought of the cold distress of the winter run, just as we shiver beneath the blankets at the thought of the cold bath; and in both cases we prove our thoughts false on the evidence of realisation. So that it is a terrible pity if the car has been in dock for a season, and only the state of the exchequer will justify it. If the next winter (may it be long delayed, all the same) revives the old falterings, take heart and a grip of the steering-wheel, and put her nose to the road. That way lies the greater recompense—which you will begin to appreciate when the run is broken for lunch and the tingle of red blood purified within merges with the glowing heat of the hostel's inglenook without. I am a shameless, pagan sun-worshipper, but the road has a winter beauty for me, and only a stronger wine is in the wind.

The Bristol in India

Mr. Henry M. Jullerot on a Bristol military biplane demonstrating above the Viceregal party at the Maidan Racecourse, Calcutta

The Road Before Us

But it is over late to moralise of winter driving. Here we are at the gate of spring, and whatever has happened in the back months, the old car or the new stands ready—unless, indeed, the selection of the new car still lags. In that case, what would you? Just to hand is the "List of Autocars of 1911," published by Iliffe's, in cloth boards at 1*s.* 6*d.* It holds in tabloid presentation

the leading features of every car on the British market, with prices, and is one of the handiest little books of reference available. And here is the New Car Number of *The Motor;* and, again, the Buyers' Guide issues of the *Motor News*.

The First and the Last:
A twelve-year-old 3½ h.-p. Argyll (still running)—at the tail of the latest "flying fifteen" model. A concrete expression of car development, and a tribute to the sturdy qualities of even the earliest Argylls

If you know nothing of cars, why, settle your price limitations (you will be better able to do that than the biggest financial expert breathing); and if there is no other way, buy upon reputation. That is a safe enough plan in a general sense. Or send me word of price and the uses to which the car will generally be put, and I will gladly lend my aid. But, after all, there are very few vehicles on the market that cannot be commended for some purposes. Some are better value than others at the price, and some are better suited to particular requirements than others. The lady who, after being chaperoned around Olympia at the last show, finally sank into a seat, and in a voice of resignation said, "Oh, well! I think, after all, I will have a red one," would require commiseration in far greater volume in any other connection. The odds would be about 10 to 1 on her getting a soundly serviceable car upon no other measure of value than that it was a "red one." But, then, I say that with the advantage of a fairly clear recollection of all the red ones on view at that show. The only point to be remembered is that, if an appeal for advice in purchasing either a car or an accessory is to be made, it is not always desirable to make it to one whose interest is bound up in a particular car or accessory.

A Chapter of Disasters

Monaco? Too horrible for words! Nothing but trouble and mischance and misery. The imps of mischief must have had a special celebration of the success of their campaign. Everything that could go wrong went wrong. We started with *Brunhilde* in home waters, and—*Brunhilde* stayed at home. *Ursula*, for the third year, went out instead,

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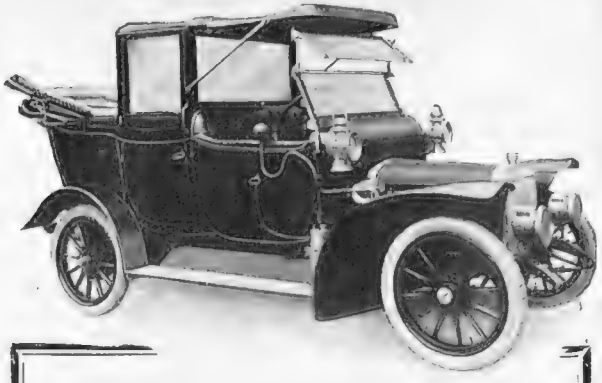

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and in a trial run broke the starboard screw, which broke a hole in the hull. *Maple Leaf III.*, carrying all the hopes of the British motor-marine and 650 h.-p., had her propellers lifted out of the water on a swell, raced them with all the speed that the little engine was equal to, broke down the shaft supports, and also finished up with a hole in the hull. As for *Miranda*—well, *Miranda* missed her start (and her chance) in the Omnium final. That is all at the moment of writing; but only all because hardly anything else *could* happen!

In Compression

Writing me from Victoria, Mr. T. N. Wylie, the Continental traffic manager of the L.B. and S.C.Rly., submits (*inter alia*) that the continual increase in the number of motorists using the Newhaven-Dieppe route is good evidence of appreciation of the efforts the L.B. and S.C.R. Company has made to cater for this class of traffic. It certainly is. The reason is in the fact that the L.B. and S.C.R. has excellent facilities for the transhipment of motor vehicles, and that at Dieppe the motorist is landed at the very gateway of some of the finest country to be found in Northern France. There is no reason in the world (apart from the longer sea trip, which many will regard as an advantage) why this route to the Continent should not be extremely popular. Motorists planning a run through France this season will find the Continental Department of the L.B. and S.C.R. at his service with all information.

In a day when the thoughts of motorists gladly turn to the retrenchment possible in a low-powered car of high efficiency, the demand for the 12 h.-p. Talbot is significant. Since the introduction of this £385 vehicle the fine works of the Talbot Company have been in full blast trying to keep even pace with orders; and there are no signs of diminution yet. Which simply means that the reputation of many years made an immediate market for a new model; that the road has since demonstrated that the reputation has been worthily upheld; and that the faith of the motorists who first bought upon reputation has been vindicated. There is no better reputation than Talbot cars possess in their own class. There is no better 12 h.-p. available to the motorist. That is, quite simply, the explanation of the demand which the firm reports

The Commercial Motor Users Association is making a Coronation parade of its fifth annual gathering on Whit-Monday. The function, always interesting as a crystallisation of the vehicular development of the year, will be held at the White City, Shepherd's Bush, and the King has extended to it his patronage. One hundred and fifty entries have already been received, and the committee anticipates that the number will be increased to over 300 before the entries close on the 5th proximo. Wherefore let it be an instruction to any reader who may be a commercial motor owner, to be in time. Let this also act as an invitation to anyone interested carefully to note the date and attend. All further information from the Secretary, the Commercial Motor Users Association, Pall Mall, S.W.

Following up the success obtained at the first Brooklands Meeting, Mr. O. C. Godfrey, on the 25th ult., brought off another win for Continental tyres, his 7 h.-p. "Indian" starting from scratch against twelve other competitors in the 8½-mile handicap for all classes of motor-cycles, the observed speed of which had exceeded sixty miles an hour. In spite of the rough track, Godfrey did seventy miles an hour—a splendid tribute to the high quality of Continentals.

Yet again. Mr. Roger Sommer, the French aviator, created a new record by ascending with twelve passengers at Douzy on the 24th ult. His Sommer's monoplane was covered with Continental aeroplane sheeting.

A 15 h.-p. Argyll recently ran from the works at Alexandria to London under official observation. It achieved a non-stop throughout—420 miles in 21hr. 35min., gave an average of 19.31 miles per gallon, and 32.586 ton miles per gallon. A very good performance for a standard chassis.

RACING: City and Suburban. By CARBINE

Bookies and Backers

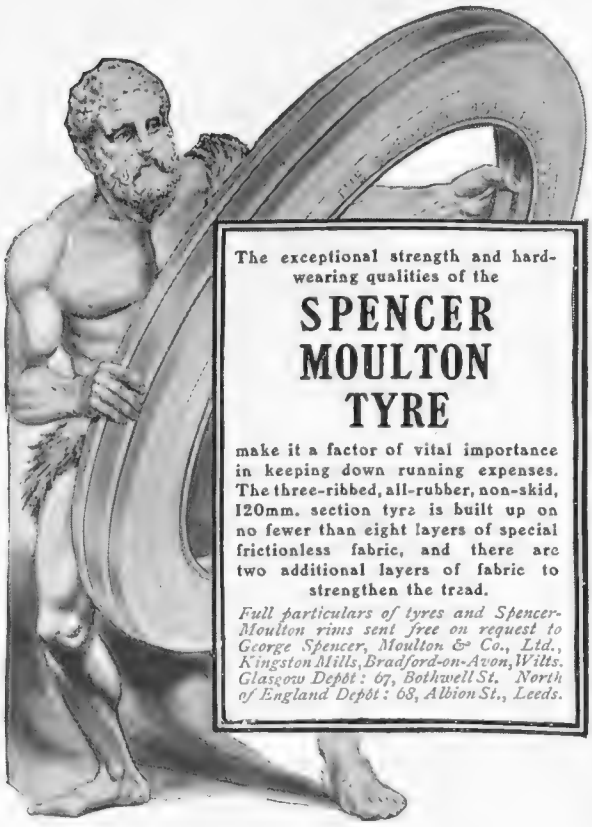
Racegoers must have something to grumble about, it would seem. The latest grievance is of the cramped prices offered at Newbury and other recent meetings. It is significant to notice that the complaints are made in regard to horses which were beaten. Probably, if those same animals had proved themselves the good things which they were expected to be, we should have heard nothing about the so-called poorness of the odds. It has been said, in particular, that the starting-price of Mustapha for the Newbury Spring Cup, namely, 5 to 2, was ridiculous. The horse was carrying top weight, and there were seventeen runners. I have no brief for the bookies, but it strikes me that people who complain about the odds are apt to forget that it is entirely a case of supply and demand. In the Newbury Cup only one horse was seriously fancied, and the continued run upon Lord Carnarvon's flat-catcher naturally brought his price down to a point at which he was scarcely worth backing. Bookmakers are not philanthropists, and if only one horse in a race is heavily backed you cannot reasonably expect the odds to be more elastic than they are with the Pari-Mutuel in similar circumstances.

Can Mushroom Win?

The most interesting problem of Easter week is to find the right horse in the City and Suburban. Last season I formed a considerable admiration for Mushroom. He won some of his races in the style of a really great racehorse, and if he had been entered for the Derby I think people would now be talking a good deal about him. He carries 7st. in the City and Suburban, by no means a prohibitive weight for a youngster with such an excellent two-year-old record. I shall be told that it is quite the exception for a three-year-old to win this handicap, but Grey Leg scored under 7st., and Brambilla under 7st. 11lb. I have an idea that **Mushroom** is quite as good as either of those three-year-olds were, and I am making him my selection for this race. If he does not run—I am writing a week before the race—I shall expect Senseless or Halcyon to prove the winner. For the Great Metropolitan Stakes on the preceding day I fancy **Bagotstown**, while **Mr. Peeper** looks to be a good thing for the Hyde Park Plate. At Sandown Park on Thursday **St. Gilgen** may win the Produce Stakes and **Columbus** the chief handicap, while on Friday **Braxted** is my selection for the Prince Edward Handicap.

The Equine Democrat

The annual meeting of the London Van Horse Parade Society on Easter Monday in Regent's Park is always well worthy of the support of the lover of animals. His Majesty the King is the patron of the society, particulars of which can be obtained from the Secretary at 1, Bridge Place, Belgrave Road, S.W.



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By MRS. JACK MAY

A Survey of Fashion

DURING the present pause, and prior to the social rush that must set in almost immediately, more particularly where weddings are concerned, it will certainly serve some of us to take a general view of the trend of fashion. Those who are not necessarily at the hub of things may well pause to inquire just precisely what they may wear.

On the one hand they are instructed that skirts are just as narrow and close-fitting as ever, on the other they hear applause showered on *jupes* gathered at the waist and ruched at the hem. Myself, I am persuaded the freer, more picturesque styles will prevail as the need for light summer frocks advances, while a steady demand will be kept the while for the slim type of tailor-made.

An Alliance of Rose and Japan-Blue

A very exclusive establishment was showing me the other day a three-piece model, completed by quite a simple bolero, very short and scooped out in a round in the centre of the back, while from either side hung long ends of braid. But, mark you! what constituted this confection? Rose-coloured serge, the skirt built high to meet a soft corsage of Japan-blue *ninon*, the wide sleeves of which were hemmed deeply with rose *ninon*, while at the throat a little round guimpe of the blue *ninon* over the rose suggested a mauve touch. The *ensemble* was an altogether delightful conception of colour, a scheme that could only have emanated from a real artist.

An Original Idea for a Week-End Evening Gown

To the utter distraction of those who cater for Town amusements, the craze for rushing into the country from Saturday to Monday is appreciably on the increase. Even those who are not within visible distance of affluence somehow contrive this weekly holiday jaunt, the little two-seater, two-cylinder car, fussing along in the wake of some mighty horse-powered, elaborately equipped companion.

Well! just where Mrs. Dorothy Millar and I come in in the matter is with an original suggestion for a light, easily packed dinner dress. The adjoined picture presents the completed scheme to you, which might be effected in soft satin, or the recently revived *mousseline Eolienne* or *mousseline taffeta*. A transparent fabric would, of course, entirely defeat the desired end, which is a gown that will at once fold up into a wisp, and subsequently shake out into a smart, dressy little affair. An approved novelty is the one-sided bodice, which boasts a Magyar left-hand sleeve and a cape effect at the right hand, and where the point of the V comes there is introduced a touch of Oriental embroidery, or perhaps metal lace, above which a deep *quasi* tucker of Malines lace lends a softness. *Et voilà!*

An Original Idea for a Week-End Evening Gown
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Spring Muffs Entirely Composed of Ribbon

Who, I wonder, is

THE
BYSTANDER
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No. 385.—Vol. XXX. Wednesday, April 19, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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ABOUT 9 ACRES,

and the gardens were laid out under the supervision of well-known landscape gardeners; large tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, valuable meadow-land, long carriage drive. Lounge hall (24ft. by 16ft.), dining room (21ft. by 17ft. 6in.) exclusive of south bay, drawing room (20ft. by 15ft.) opening to verandah, morning room, and complete offices, 9 bed and dressing, bathroom, and a room 42ft. by 17ft. 6in., available as a billiard room or 2 more bedrooms. Brick-built stabling for 2, with 3 rooms over, coach or motor-house, laundry, greenhouses, etc. Gas and Company's water. Telephone. Wired for electric light.—INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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ABOUT 3 ACRES,

with tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen garden, etc.

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At the Auction on May 9 if not previously Sold.

"THE GLADDY HOUSE," WARGRAVE.

Square hall. | *3 reception.* | *8 bedrooms.* | *Bathroom.*

ARTISTIC INTERIOR. OLD STONE MANTELS. TUDOR PANELLING.

Large shady garden, flagged paths and gravelled walks; lawn, flower and rose gardens, pergola.

MAIN DRAINAGE. COMPANY'S GAS AND WATER.

5 minutes from station.

50 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

—Details from Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London." TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

260FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND EASTBOURNE, commanding extensive views of the Sussex Downs and the sea.—To be SOLD, the above

OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE,

standing in nicely timbered grounds of over 8 ACRES. The accommodation includes: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 2, coach-house, and men's rooms; picturesque old grounds, flower garden, lovely old lawn, tennis court, orchard, fruit and vegetable gardens.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,015)

SURREY HILLS. 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

TO BE SOLD, the above attractive gabled RESIDENCE, finely situated amidst well-timbered surroundings. It is approached by a long drive through woodlands, and contains: outer hall, inner hall (19ft. 6in. by 18ft.), drawing room (23ft. by 21ft. 6in.), boudoir (18ft. by 12ft.), library (21ft. by 15ft.), morning room (17ft. by 15ft. 6in.), dining room (29ft. by 18ft.), business room, conservatory, etc.; above are 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; the grounds include full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, and parkland, in all 20 acres; excellent stabling, etc.; subsoil chalk and limestone.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

CHILTERN HILLS.—To be LET, Furnished, a beautiful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing over 500ft. above the sea, in a miniature park of 35 acres. The accommodation includes: 4 reception, 17 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, ample domestic offices; Company's water; modern drainage; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling for 8; garage; men's rooms; well-timbered grounds, tennis court, rose gardens, orchard, and walled kitchen garden.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (F 841)

£1,600 WILL BUY the above well-built HOUSE, situated some few minutes' walk from a village, and about 70 miles from London. It contains: 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 3 horses, and large coach-house; capital garden, orchard, and paddock. The agricultural holding extends to about

51 ACRES,

of which 16 acres are pasture. There are 2 good cottages and useful farm buildings.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,035)

"CHATEAU ST. MAUR, NICE."

TO BE SOLD, the above CHATEAU, occupying a delightful position, commanding magnificent views; it stands in grounds of about

10 ACRES,

and is fitted with every convenience that modern art and ingenuity can devise, whilst the accommodation includes: lounge hall, salon, dining and billiard rooms, boudoir, winter garden, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER LAID ON;

lodge, 2 garages. The grounds are of great natural beauty. *Note.*—The Chateau has only been let on one occasion, the tenant then being the Duke of Norfolk.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,020)

ABOUT 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SUSSEX (Ashdown Forest district).—To be SOLD, the above quaint half-timbered RESIDENCE, occupying a magnificent situation with a wide extent of views over the Ashdown Forest. Accommodation: outer and inner halls, large drawing room, dining room, smoking room, etc., 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; telephone, Company's water, main drainage, etc.; stabling and outbuildings, etc.; the pleasure grounds are well laid out and comprise terraced garden, flower beds, wilderness garden, etc.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (4,680)

400FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

ON THE SOUTH-WEST EXTREMITY OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

TO BE SOLD, the above well-built modern RESIDENCE, standing on sandy soil, with South aspect, commanding magnificent views. The accommodation includes: billiard room, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; electric light; hot-water heating; good supply of water; stabling for 3, coach-house, garage, etc.; 3 men's rooms, 2 lofts; 20 to 115 acres of grounds; tennis and full-sized croquet lawns, putting course, rose and wild gardens, and walled kitchen garden; hunting with 3 packs; several good golf courses within easy reach.—Illustrated particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (4,971)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London." TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney.

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10. MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

A BARGAIN IN THE HOME COUNTIES.

HOLMWOOD DISTRICT.—For SALE, AT A REDUCED PRICE, the above picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE on 2 floors, beautifully situated 300ft. above sea, with stabling, model farmery, beautiful grounds, 2 fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, cottages, and undulating nicely timbered meadows: 8 bedrooms, dressing room with bath, 2 other bathrooms, large and handsome reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, lounge hall, conservatory, and good offices.

Electric light; Company's water; heating.

The Property comprises an area of about 17 ACRES.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (24,817)

HERTS (beautiful rural district, unspoilt by building).—A charming little RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY to be SOLD. The House, unusually well built on 2 floors, has lodge entrance, and contains: 3 reception rooms, lounge, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling, coach-house, etc.; pretty, inexpensive grounds and gardens; centre of Puckeridge Hunt.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,710)

HAYWARDS HEATH.—Price £3,000, attractive creeper-clad HOUSE, occupying a charming situation, 10 minutes from the station; stabling for 2, garage and men's rooms; matured grounds (finely timbered), tennis lawn, conservatory, and paddock: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; gas, water, main drainage; near golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,043)

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE charming old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE in South Hampshire, with fine views of the Isle of Wight: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; water laid on; electric light; nicely secluded grounds, 2 tennis lawns; glasshouses and shrubberies; stabling for 2; 5 minutes from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (13,723)

TROUT FISHING ON THE RIVER TEST.—4 miles of the river and tributaries, exclusive on both banks, subject to rights of 2 rods. Lease for 21 years, held at a low Rent, and to be SOLD at a moderate price.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (1,747A)

NORFOLK COAST (close to sea, golf links, and a fashionable seaside resort).—The above picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE to be SOLD. It stands in a shady and secluded garden and grounds with tennis or croquet lawns, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices, including servants' hall; motor-house for 2 cars with pit; stabling for 2 horses, harness room, etc.; exceptional facilities for bathing, golfing, boating, etc. Price £2,500.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,030)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS.

In a beautiful district between Harrow and Rickmansworth. A short distance from two stations, whence the City and West End are reached within 25 minutes.

THE ABOVE CHARMING FREEHOLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, unusually well appointed, and in absolutely first-rate condition, standing in pretty grounds of nearly 3 acres, TO BE SOLD. Contains: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, and offices; water laid on; acetylene gas; excellent motor-house, small stable, cottage, etc.; inexpensive but very pretty grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, rose and flower beds, racquet court, kitchen gardens, etc.; good golf links within easy walk.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,860)

WARWICKSHIRE (in the BEST SHOOTING DISTRICT in the MIDLANDS).—TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, the above COUNTRY MANSION, in a WELL-TIMBERED PARK of 150 acres; 2,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING (EXCELLENT PARTRIDGE GROUND); COVERTS CARRYING 1,500 PHEASANTS; 300ft. above sea, with extensive views; 1½ miles from a station: 19 BEDROOMS, bathroom, 5 large and lofty reception rooms, and complete offices; excellent stabling for 13, coach and motor-houses, groom's rooms; 13 acres of grounds, pleasure gardens, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, farmery, and paddock; 2 long carriage drives, each with entrance lodge, keeper's cottage; coarse fishing; additional land if desired.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,912)

FAVOURITE CHILTERN HILLS DISTRICT.
500 ACRES.
VERY VALUABLE TIMBER INCLUDED.

ONLY £8,500 for a remarkably desirable AGRICULTURAL, RESIDENTIAL, and SPORTING ESTATE of about 500 ACRES, situate on the Chiltern Hills, in a favourite residential neighbourhood, and affording exceptional facilities for golfing, being within easy reach of the famous Huntercombe Links. The Property includes an old-fashioned Residence, containing: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices. Also a set of model farm-buildings and several cottages. The land is well wooded, and some of it occupies a very high position, and affords excellent sites for building. The shooting is of a first-rate character. Hunting is obtainable with 3 packs.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,958)

HAMPSHIRE.

Close to the Surrey and Sussex Borders.
1¼ miles from Liss Station and 3¼ from Petersfield, on the L. and S.W. Railway.

THE VALUABLE FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE, known as "HEATHLANDS," EAST LISS (see view above), occupying a grand situation, 500ft. above sea, amidst delightful scenery. It contains: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, conservatory, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc., and good offices; stabling for 3, with rooms over; well-timbered grounds, tennis lawn, and large kitchen garden.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, May 9, 1911 (unless previously sold).—Particulars of HERBERT E. ADAMS, Esq., Solicitor, 72, Victoria St., S.W., and of the AUCTIONEERS, 10, Mount Street, W.

ABOUT 3½ HOURS SOUTH-WEST OF LONDON.
PROBABLY THE MOST ATTRACTIVE ESTATE OF ITS KIND NOW AVAILABLE.

TO BE SOLD, an unusually charming and valuable RESIDENTIAL, MANORIAL, and SPORTING ESTATE of about 1,000 ACRES, the whole in faultless condition. The Residence, standing about 300ft. above sea level, commands grand views, is surrounded by a finely timbered park, with long carriage drive and lodge entrance, and contains a charming suite of reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices; water by gravitation; up-to-date drainage; electric light throughout; delightful old grounds, with lawns, terraces, etc.; fine kitchen gardens. A special feature of this Property is the woodlands and plantations, and the Estate affords exceptionally good covert and partridge shooting; hunting with foxhounds and harriers, fishing, golfing. The Estate, which is divided into several grass farms, is unusually well let.—Highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,307)

IN A PRETTY KENTISH VILLAGE (3 miles from Tunbridge Wells, 420ft. above sea, on gravel soil, fine views).—To be SOLD or LET, charming BIJOU COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling for 2 horses; 8-roomed cottage; pretty grounds, kitchen garden, and glasshouses: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall, and offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,072)

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS (within easy reach of Basingstoke).—For SALE, at the REDUCED PRICE of £5,000, the above charming old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 15½ acres, beautifully situated nearly 300ft. above sea, 1½ miles from station, near capital golf links: 4 large reception rooms, hall with fireplace, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), servants' hall; Company's water; electric light; stabling for 4, men's rooms, farmery; beautiful grounds, orchard, and meadow; sand and gravel soil.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (25,005

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

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ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

RENT £120. PRICE £2,600.

SURREY (GREAT BOOKHAM)—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, the above thoroughly well-built, attractive RESIDENCE standing in pretty GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, box-room, and good offices; gas and water laid on.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

QUITE THE CHEAPEST PROPERTY IN THE DISTRICT.
500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY HILLS (amidst a bracing, health-giving atmosphere).—"BIRCH DENE," WOLDINGHAM, an exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, in perfect repair,
COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.
3 large reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; good stabling, several useful outbuildings, greenhouse, lodge, and well-laid-out grounds of over 3 acres. An extra 3 acres can be had.

HARRODS (Ltd.) are instructed to SELL the above, by AUCTION, on May 2 next.—Solicitors, Messrs. E. G. and J. W. CHESTER, 86, Newington Butts, S.E.

SEA TOWER, WESTGATE-ON-SEA.

NORTH KENT COAST (in an excellent corner position, facing the sea).—An attractive MARINE RESIDENCE: 8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom; gardens and lawns; modern sanitation; every convenience.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above, by AUCTION, on TUESDAY, May 2 (unless previously disposed of by Private Treaty).—Solicitors, Messrs. KNAPP, FISHER and SON, 27, Buckingham Gate, S.W.

BERKS, COOKHAM (3 minutes from River Thames).—Attractive well-designed Freehold RESIDENCES, "BRATHAY" and "WESTWARD," THE BERRIES, COOKHAM, each containing: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception, and offices; pretty gardens, with ornamental shrubs, lawns, roses, etc. "Westward" let at £90 per annum. "Brathay" vacant.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above, by AUCTION, on May 2 next. — Solicitor, R. BARNES, Esq., 53, Moorgate Street, E.C.

SURREY HILLS (in a delightful situation, over 500ft. above sea level).—A very complete COUNTRY PROPERTY,
"BEACONSFIELD," WOLDINGHAM,
comprising an exceptionally bright and cheerful home: 10 bedrooms, bath, billiard, and 3 reception rooms; with stabling, entrance lodge, and well-maintained pleasure grounds of about 5 acres. An extra meadow of 5 acres can be had if desired.

HARRODS (Ltd.) are instructed to SELL the above by AUCTION, on May 2 next.—Solicitors, Messrs. EMMET and Co., 14, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.

GUILDFORD AND OXSHOT (between).—To be SOLD, the above charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in
MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PARKLIKE LAND OF 12 ACRES,
approached by a long carriage drive with LODGE ENTRANCE, and containing: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, large conservatory, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; ample stabling, motor-house, 2 cottages; gas and water laid on.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FURNISHED HOUSES FOR THE SUMMER.

MESSRS. HARRODS (Ltd.) can offer a choice of

5,000 Houses

in all parts of the Kingdom.

THAMES and RIVERSIDE, SOUTH COAST, and COUNTRY PROPERTIES.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

HEREFORD.—Well-furnished RESIDENCE in charming situation, 600ft. above sea: 9 bed, bath, 3 fine reception rooms, and lounge; stabling, tennis lawn, pretty garden. Fishing and partridge shooting by arrangement. To LET for the Summer.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

KENT (under 1 hour from Town).—Beautifully furnished RESIDENCE to LET for 3, 6, or 9 months: 6 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; charming grounds, 3 acres, tennis lawn, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (9,988)

MERROW DOWN GOLF LINKS (close).—To LET for 4 to 10 weeks, Gentleman's RESIDENCE, high on gravel soil, facing South: 9 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception; stabling 3; shady grounds, 6 acres.—All details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,818)

BANKS OF THE THAMES.—Beautifully Furnished RESIDENCE, surrounded by charming grounds sloping to the River: 11 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling; electric light and all modern conveniences.—Rent and all details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BUCKS. NEAR BURNHAM GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET, Furnished, for the Spring and early Summer, a comfortable RESIDENCE, beautifully situated on high ground and gravel soil. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; pleasure grounds and park, in all 21 acres; stabling and cottage. Rent moderate.—Box KF 1,166, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, **FREEHOLD,** for an artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Box K 4,761, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

£3,250, **FREEHOLD,** for a charming old GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, within a mile of a pleasant old market town in in Wiltshire. The situation is a bracing and cheerful one, and the House in excellent order and thoroughly up to date: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling and farmery; finely timbered grounds, tennis lawn, paddock, and orchard, etc., in all 4 acres.—Box K 4,824, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HALF AN HOUR FROM TOWN (near well-known golf links).—To be SOLD, a comfortable and well-built HOUSE, delightfully situated on the edge of a common, with extensive views. The accommodation comprises—on the ground floor: square hall, dining room, drawing room, morning room, and excellent offices; above are 10 bed and dressing rooms, billiard room, bathroom, etc.; electric light, main drainage. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, garage, coach-house, etc.; the grounds are finely timbered, and include tennis and croquet lawns, rose pergolas, woodland, etc., in all 5 acres.—Box K 4,925, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A FAVOURITE PART OF CENTRAL SUSSEX.

SIXTEENTH-CENTURY STONE-BUILT HOUSE.—To be SOLD, a fine old House, approached by a carriage drive about ¼ mile in length. The House is in perfect order throughout, and contains: fine lounge hall, dining room, boudoir, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and good offices; petrol gas throughout; inexpensive pleasure grounds, with grand old timber, ornamental water and island; stabling for 3 horses. TOTAL AREA, 27 ACRES.—Box K 4,819, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ABOUT 600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SUSSEX (Ashdown Forest district).—To be SOLD, a quaint half-timbered RESIDENCE, occupying a magnificent situation, with a wide extent of views over the Ashdown Forest. Accommodation: outer and inner halls, large drawing room, dining room, smoking room, etc., 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; telephone, Companys' water, main drainage, etc.; stabling and outbuildings, etc.; the pleasure grounds are well laid out and comprise terraced garden, flower beds, wilderness garden, etc.—Box K 4,980, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

HERTS AND ESSEX BORDERS (¾ of a mile from a station, 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a picturesque RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive 100 yards in length, and containing: fine lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; heated by hot-water radiators; acetylene gas; stabling for 5; 2 cottages; the gardens and grounds extend to about 6 acres, and contain some fine timber, full-sized tennis lawns, flower beds and borders, and meadow-land. Hunting 6 days a week; golf; shooting can be obtained.—Box K 4,710, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UNDER 1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 4 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coachmen's cottages; golf course 1 mile.—Box K 4,800, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

A FINE SPORTING ESTATE OF OVER 700 ACRES. SMALL RESIDENCE.
TROUT FISHING. GOOD RENT ROLL.
IN THE WESTERN MIDLANDS.

TO BE SOLD, an AGRICULTURAL AND SPORTING ESTATE of 713 acres, with a Black and White timber Residence, pleasantly situated, commanding magnificent views. Accommodation: 3 reception and 6 bedrooms; the shooting includes grouse, partridge, pheasants, etc.; 4 miles of good trout fishing.—Box K 4,923, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

"THE PRIORY," Hatfield Peverel, Essex (within a mile of the station).—To be LET, with immediate possession, comprising a well-placed MANSION, on gravel subsoil, at an elevation of 135ft. Contains: commodious hall, 5 reception rooms, large bedrooms, and domestic offices; charming pleasure grounds and gardens; also extensive stabling and coach-house accommodation, etc.—Further particulars, Messrs. STAFFORD and ROGERS, Ltd., Bedford.

BROCKENHURST (within a few minutes' walk of railway station).—FREEHOLD.—MR. HENRY KINGSTON is favoured with instructions to SELL, by AUCTION, on the premises, on TUESDAY, APRIL 25, 1911, at 3 o'clock (unless previously disposed of by Private Treaty), the well-built modern and attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, known as "THE BRIARS," Sway Road, Brockenhurst. The Property stands in well-laid-out grounds of over 1¼ acres in extent, including tennis court and kitchen gardens, and contains the following accommodation: dining room (heated by hot-water radiators), drawing room, billiard room (heated by hot-water radiators), 8 bedrooms, bathroom, box-room, and well-appointed offices, 2 conservatories; motor garage with inspection pit.—Full particulars, plan and conditions of Sale, can be obtained from the Solicitors, Messrs. HEPPENSTALL and CLARK, Lymington; or, together with order to view, from the Auctioneer, Brockenhurst.

By order of the Trustees of the late Henry Jennings, Esq.
HUNTING, SHOOTING, GOLF.
360ft. above sea; one of the highest points in the county.
UPSET PRICE, £1,500

NEWMARKET (near). — "BRINKLEY GROVE," old-fashioned FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, on the outskirts of pretty old village, and approached by double carriage drive. Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath, butler's bedroom, and usual offices. Stabling for 4; motor garage, with pit; coachman's and gardener's cottages. Neatly laid-out pleasure grounds, displayed and tennis lawns, gravel walks, nuttery, partly walled kitchen garden, vegetable garden, heated vinery, and 2 useful paddocks, with small rabbit belt, in all
OVER 6¾ ACRES.
14 miles from the historic town of Cambridge. Will be SOLD by AUCTION on April 26 (unless previously disposed of).—Box HS 120, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TELEPHONE NOS: Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

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WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, WITH OR WITHOUT 300 ACRES SHOOTING.

SOMERSET (near Taunton).—A charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing 850ft. above sea level, amid lovely old grounds, with lawns and fish-ponds. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms; good stabling; cottage; 11 acres grass, 12 acres wood, 300 acres shooting; convenient for church and post; golf 2 miles; hunting. Rent, from £95 per annum.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

A PROPERTY WHICH HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF A SPECIAL ARTICLE IN "COUNTRY LIFE."

A perfect old red-brick Queen Anne House, with probably the most beautiful gardens of their size to be found in the County.

LOVELIEST PART OF BERKS, and within easy reach of Reading and Newbury.—To be SOLD, at a very moderate price, a delightful Freehold PROPERTY, including the above-depicted Residence, containing: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc. *Great yew hedges, grand old herbaceous borders, pergolas,* etc., adorn the gardens, and in all the Property covers about 3½ acres.—*Inspected and very highly recommended by the Sole Agents,* WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W., and at Yeovil.

"COOMBE HILL HOUSE," BRUTON.

SOMERSET.—In a favourite district within a few minutes' walk of main line station, church, and shops, but in a perfectly secluded position, this delightful RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising picturesque Residence, *situate on an eminence commanding fine views* and containing: spacious hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bath (h. and c.); stabling and motor-house; finely timbered grounds of 14½ acres, including tennis and croquet lawns, beautiful pleasure garden, kitchen, and parkland; lodge at entrance. Messrs. WILSON and GRAY are instructed to SELL, by AUCTION, on May 23 next, at the "Blue Ball" Hotel, Bruton (unless sold privately beforehand).—Illustrated particulars can be obtained from C. O. BENNETT, Esq., Solicitor, Bruton; Messrs. BENNETT and PICTOR, Land Agents, Bruton; or from the Auctioneers, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience,* gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

EAST BURNHAM GROVE. BURNHAM BEECHES. BUCKS.

In a lovely neighbourhood close to the celebrated Stoke Poges Golf Links. *½ hour from London by express trains.*

High position, 300ft. above sea level. Lovely views. South aspect.

A SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD PROPERTY, including old-fashioned Residence, containing: 14 bedrooms, dressing rooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, magnificent billiard room, conservatory, ample domestic offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT; HOT-WATER RADIATORS; stabling for 6; farmery; 2 cottages; the grounds are exceedingly beautiful and grandly timbered, and in all the property comprises about 9 acres.

WILSON and GRAY are instructed to SELL the above by AUCTION, on May 4 next, unless sold privately in the meantime.—Illustrated particulars may be obtained in due course from the Auctioneers, 100, Mount Street, London, W. Solicitors, Messrs. RADFORD and FRANKLAND, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.

IRISH COAST (choice position, 10 minutes from the sea, close to a station, 4 miles from Kingstown. 8 from Dublin).

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, the above delightful PROPERTY, including a picturesque RESIDENCE, facing South, and standing in grounds of about 30 acres. Accommodation: outer and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent domestic offices; telephone; stabling; finely timbered gardens, with tennis and croquet lawns. Rent, 300 gns. per annum, or would be let for a shorter period.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

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6 ACRES OF DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS.

WILTS (in the best part, 1¼ miles from Station, with fast trains to London in under 2 hours).—£100 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, is asked for a singularly attractive and genuine old HOUSE, standing 250ft. above sea level on sand soil, and containing: 10-11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 5, garage; 2 cottages; beautiful old grounds of 6 acres,

INTERSECTED BY SMALL TROUT STREAM.

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A BEAUTIFUL QUEEN ANNE MANSION.—Lounge hall, 5 reception, billiard, bath, 26 bedrooms; excellent stabling, magnificently timbered park of 100 acres, numerous cottages, and several well let farms, in all about

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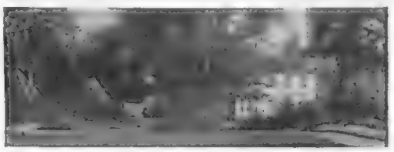

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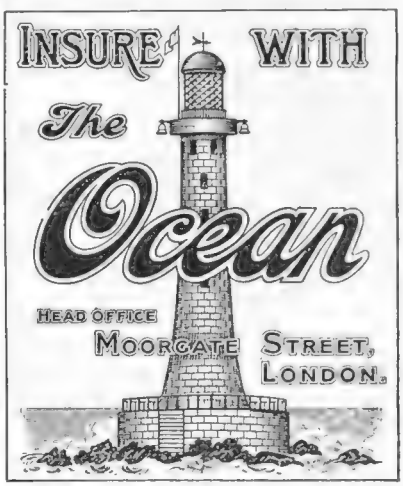

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responsible for the continuance of the muff presented in ribbon? I have before me as I write two distinctly different impressions of the vogue, the one a rather deep, limp affair, fashioned of ravelled-out ruched silk, and the other which may in very truth be compared to a gigantic dahlia. This last is composed entirely of ribbon, ingeniously manœuvred to present the appearance of dahlia petals, these diminishing in size until they become quite small towards the centre, which is defined by a tiny ribbon-covered button. All this ornamentation, it will be understood, is concentrated in front, the back of the muff being quite flat. But even so, the amount of ribbon used must be great, a fact that will render such a fancy prohibitive except to the few. The ruched silk alternative would probably come out cheaper, ruched silk always making for a fussy effect out of all proportion to the amount of material used. These warm-weather muffs, however, have been tried before, but have never met with more than a lukewarm response. So it will be interesting to watch the development of the fresh venture.

The Toque of the Moment
A pudding-basin shape of grey Tagal, with cerise under-brim and black upstanding ostrich aigrette
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

I am also deeply concerned as to the fate of hats trimmed with Lancer ostrich plumes, accompanied by feather boas that have all the uncurled fronds swept the one way. Given the necessary money or credit, I am of opinion this is a departure that may be safely followed up. The complete change from the all-round feather boa is distinctly attractive, and in all probability, lacking such diversity, our long-time and valued summer neck adjunct might have fallen into disrepute.

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HOW I ENLARGED MY BUST

After Massage, Cold Creams, Wooden Cups, Electricity, Dangerous Drugs, and other methods had all failed.

A WOMAN'S SECRET LAID BARE

How I watched my bust grow in size, day by day and week after week, until I had obtained

A SUPERB DEVELOPMENT IN ONE MONTH'S TIME

Special arrangement for readers of "The Bystander" to obtain full information FREE.

I will tell you how I obtained a beautiful large bust in fifteen days' time, and how you may do the same. The treatment I recommend to you is exactly the plan I followed myself, and which gave me a superb development in less than one month. Until I learned of the long-hidden secret of reproducing the bust development which I enjoy to-day, I confess that people had always looked upon me as a woman with a poor figure. My clothes did not set well, and I failed to receive the admiration which is so pleasing to a woman. You can understand how anxious I was to obtain a luxurious bust development, and consequently I tried nearly all the methods I saw advertised, but none of them did me any good. Massage and cold creams made my bust soft and flabby; wooden cups seemed to have no effect whatever; electricity proved utterly useless; and I believe the dangerous drugs which I took into my system did me more harm than good. I grew more fretful and nervous than ever, and became absolutely discouraged, for I felt that nothing further could be done, and I must go through life with a flat bust, a poor figure, and a nervous disposition. In the depth of my despair a friend of mine, who had given a lifetime to study and scientific research, suggested to me a plan which was so different from anything I had ever seen or used that I consented to make one final trial. My health was so poor that I admit being sceptica of obtaining any results. You can imagine my surprise and delight when I noticed that my bust was becoming firmer, and I watched it grow in size, day by day and week by week, until, at the end of fifteen days, not only the reflection in my mirror, but actual measurements, proved conclusively to me the wonderful enlargement that had been produced. Those who had known me for years were astonished at the improvement in my appearance. In less than one month I was able to rejoice in a superb development of the bust, which surpassed even my fondest dream. I felt better and stronger, my nerves were rested, and I took a greater interest in life. I was doubly astonished at these marvellous results, because the treatment had required so little time to follow that I did not neglect any of my regular duties. Best of all, the treatment had not made me fat, but had only produced the development which I had so long desired. Such a wonderful change from ugliness to beauty may seem hard to believe, but it is absolutely true, as I can prove by those who knew me before and after I followed this treatment. You can judge for yourself, for I recommend the same treatment to you which I used with such success. I have arranged for full information regarding this remarkable plan to be sent to all readers of this journal who fill out the Coupon below and send it within ten days to Madame Margarette Merlain (Dept. 804 C.), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W. If convenient please enclose stamp for reply.

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Cut out this Coupon and send to-day with your name and address, to Madame Margarette Merlain (Dept. 804 C.), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., for full information in regard to the plan which she followed for obtaining a LUXURIOUS BUST DEVELOPMENT, RESTED NERVES, and PERFECT HEALTH. This Coupon is good if used within ten days from the date of publication of the above article.

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PROF. MERCURY, B.D.
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The Menu: AN APRIL DINNER

*Oysters
Clear Soup
*Salmon with Sharp Sauce
*Tournedos of Beef
Forequarter of Lamb. New Potatoes
*Quails with Salad
*Macaroon Baskets. Lemon Mould
*Olives with Anchovies

Oysters

Serve on oyster-plates; garnish with lemon and parsley, and hand separately thinly cut slices of brown bread and butter.

Salmon with Sharp Sauce

Take three or four slices (according to numbers) of salmon not quite an inch in thickness, and lay them in a marinade composed of oil, salt, lemon-juice, and herbs for an hour. Then place the slices of salmon on the gridiron, which should be oiled, and broil over a clear fire. Serve with the following sauce: Peel and chop some shallots, of these take one tablespoonful and a half, and put them in a saucepan with salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg, 1oz. of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of French vinegar. Stir over the fire till the vinegar is reduced, which will be shown by the butter becoming clear. Then mix in about ½oz. of flour, stir well, and gradually add three-quarters of a pint of fish stock, let the sauce boil slowly for half an hour, skimming it occasionally. Then strain, add a small quantity of chopped pickled gherkins with pepper and salt and a few drops of colouring. Bring to the boil, and it is ready.

Tournedos

Slice about 2½lb. of fillet of beef, and cut it in rounds half an inch thick, trimming them neatly. Bat them out with a wet knife, season them with salt, pepper, minced mushroom, and parsley, and sauté them in a well-buttered pan for four or five minutes, only turning them once in the process. Have ready as many round croûtons of fried bread as you have tournedos, brush these over with glaze, dust them with minced mushrooms, parsley, and pepper, put a slice of baked tomato on each, then a tournedo, and serve very hot with a rich brown sauce round them.

Roast Quails

Tie a thin slice of fat bacon over the breast of each bird and cook for about fifteen minutes, basting them frequently. Sprinkle with salt and serve each quail on a well-buttered croûton of toast. Salad should be served with them.

Macaroon Baskets

Ingredients: Seven macaroons, 9*d*. worth of cream, almonds, cherries, and angelica. Turn the macaroons upside down, and with a teaspoon scrape out the inside. Fill the "basket" with whipped cream, put a cherry in the middle and an almond sticking up on each side of it, and form a handle with a thin strip of angelica. This makes a very pretty sweet.

Olives with Anchovies

Stone some Spanish olives, wash and fillet four anchovies and mince them finely, also a quarter of a teaspoonful of minced onion, a little chopped parsley, and a grain of red pepper. Put this preparation inside each olive in place of the stone, put them on fried croûtons, and serve with mayonnaise sauce.

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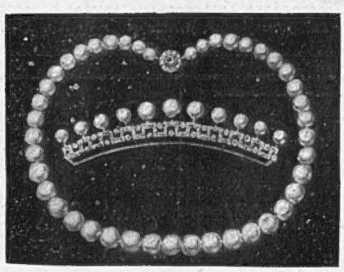

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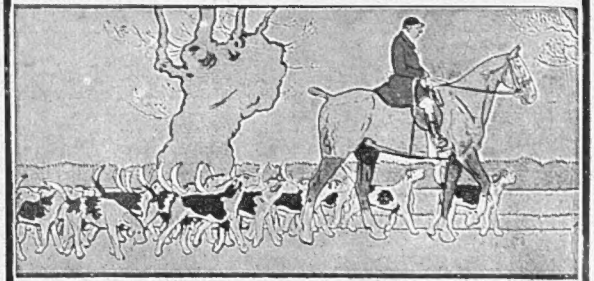

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Delphiniums for Next Year

In spite of the bitter weather in March and at the beginning of the present month, delphiniums have been growing well, and before many weeks have gone by they will be the handsomest plants in the borders. Perennials though they are, however, they deteriorate after a few years, especially if they have had little or no manure, and as soon as the stems begin to get weak and the flowers small it is time to replace them by others. This may be done by chopping off the youngest and strongest parts of the old plants and growing them in a new place, or else in the same place after the ground has been deeply dug and heavily manured, or else by raising fresh stock from seed. Unless named varieties are wanted, the latter is generally the better way. The seed should be sown now in a carefully prepared bed, and soot or lime should be scattered over it to keep off slugs and snails, which are particularly fond of young delphiniums. The plants should not be allowed to crowd one another, and as soon as they are strong enough they may be moved into their permanent positions. Some of them will probably flower towards the end of summer. Of course, the first flowers will not be large, but they will show what plants are worth keeping and what are not. In a batch of seedlings there are always some that are poor, and it is a mistake not to weed them out at the earliest opportunity. They will improve in size in subsequent years, but they are not likely to improve in colour. One great advantage of delphiniums is that if they are cut down immediately after flowering in early summer they usually flower a second time later in the year.

Planting Gladioli

Gladioli may be planted now and at intervals until the end of May. They will then flower at different times instead of all at once. They should be in fairly large groups, not single or in lines, and if spaces can be found for them among low-growing plants, such as violas or pansies, they will be far more effective than if they grew out of the bare ground. In time, no doubt, many of the pansies or violas will be hidden, but as they will then have passed their best, that will not matter. There are many different gladioli to choose from; all of them are beautiful, but perhaps the finest are the Childsii or the Lemoinei varieties, the flowers being very large and brilliantly coloured. The former are perfectly hardy, and may be left in the ground all the year round. Gladioli will grow in any good soil, but if it is heavy a little sand should be placed under each corm in order to induce the early formation of roots. At the same time, a stick—a thin bamboo cane is sufficient—should be inserted in the ground. If it is not put in until later it may damage the corm, and before growth commences it shows exactly where each is. H. C. DAVIDSON.

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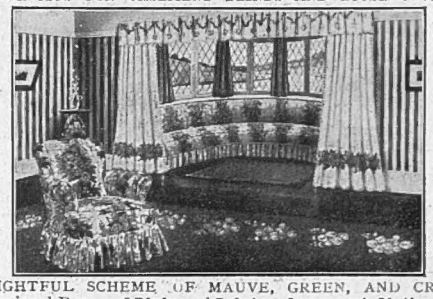

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